CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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MR. BANCROFT'S ORATION.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society was celebrated on Monday afternoon, Nov. 20th, at Niblo's Theatre, in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. As we have not room to copy the oration in full, much less the speeches that were made at the dinner, we have used our judgment as to what is more important in the oration, and give such extracts as will mirror the full conception of the speaker. We do this, because the subject matter is worthy the attention of all, for nothing can be more fundamental to the faith of the Spiritualist than "the NECESSITY, the REALITY, and the PROMISE of the progress of the race." Beside, the reader should know something about the oration, that he may be able to attach the true value to much of the criticism it has received. After some general introductory remarks, Mr. Bancroft proceeds in the discussion of his subject as follows:—

Since everything that is limited is in perpetual change, the condition of our race is one of growth or of decay. It is the glory of man that he is conscious of this law of his existence. He alone is gifted with reason which looks upward as well as before and after, and connects him with the world that is not discerned by the senses. He alone has the faculty so to combine thought with affection, that he can lift up his heart and feel not for himself only, but for his brethren and his kind. Every man is in substance equal to his fellow-man. His nature is changed neither by time nor by country. He bears no mark of having risen to his present degree of perfection by successive transmutations from inferior forms; but by the peculiarity and superiority of his powers he shows himself to have been created separate and distinct from all other classes of animal life. He is neither degenerating into such differences as could in the end no longer be classified together, nor rising into a higher species. Each member of the race is in will, affection, and intellect consubstantial with every other; no passion, no noble or degrading affection, no generous or selfish impulse, has ever appeared, of which the germ does not exist in every breast. No science has been reached, no thought generated, no truth discovered, which has not from all time existed potentially in every human mind. The belief in the progress of the race does not, therefore, spring from the supposed possibility of his acquiring new faculties, or coming into the possession of a new nature.

Still less does truth change. They speak falsely who say that truth is the daughter of time; it is the child of eternity, and as old as the Divine mind. The perception of it takes place in the order of time; truth itself knows nothing of the succession of ages.

Neither does morality need to perfect itself; it is what it always has been, and always will be. Its distinctions are older than the sea or the dry land—than the earth or the sun. The relation of good to evil is from the beginning, and is unalterable.

The progress of man consists in this, that he himself arrives at the perception of truth. The Divine mind, which is its source, left it to be discovered, developed, and appropriated by finite creatures.

The life of an individual is but a breath; it comes forth like a flower, and flees like a shadow. Were no other progress, therefore, possible than that of the individual, one age would have little advantage over another. But as every man partakes of the same faculties, and is consubstantial with all, it follows that the race also has an existence of its own, and this existence becomes richer, more varied, free and complete as time advances. Common sense implies, by its very name, that each individual is to contribute some share toward the general intelligence. The many are wiser than the few, the multitude than the philosopher; the race than the individual; and each successive age than its predecessor.

The social condition of a century, its faith, and its institutions, are always analogous to its acquisitions. Neither philosophy, nor government, nor political institutions, nor religious knowledge, can remain much behind, or go much in advance, of the totality of contemporary intelligence. The age furnishes to the master-workman the materials with which he builds. The outbreak of a revolution is the pulsation of the time, healthful or spasmodic, according to its harmony with the existing sum of human knowledge. Each new philosophical system is the heliograph of the passing condition of public thought. The state in which we are, is man's natural state at this moment; but it neither should be, nor can be his permanent state. It cannot be his permanent state, for social existence is flowing on in eternal motion, with nothing fixed but the certainty of change. Now, by the necessity of the case, the movement of the human mind, taken collectively, is always toward something better. There exists in each individual, alongside of his own personality, the ideal man who represents the state.—He bears about within himself the consciousness that his life is a struggle, and at every moment he feels the antagonism between his own limited nature and the better life of which he conceives.—He cannot state a proposition respecting a finite object but it includes also a reference to the infinite. He cannot form a judgment, but it combines ideal truth and partial error, and, as a consequence, sets in action the antagonism between the true and the perfect on the one side, and the false and the imperfect on the other; and in this contest the true and the perfect must prevail, for they have the advantage of being perennial.

In public life, by the side of the actual state of the world, there exists the ideal state toward which it should tend. This antagonism lies at the foundation of all political parties that ever have been or ever can be formed. The elements on which they rest, whether in monarchies, aristocracies, or in republics, are but three, not one of which can be wanting, or society falls to ruin. The course of human destiny is ever a rope of three strands. A party may found itself on things as they are, and strive for their unaltered perpetuity; this is conservatism, always appearing wherever established interests exist, and never capable of unmingled success, because finite things are always in motion.—Or a party may be based on theoretic right, and struggle unrelentingly to conform society to the absolute law of Truth and Justice; and this, which is the party of enthusiasts, can likewise never perfectly succeed, because the materials of which society is composed partake of imperfection; and to extirpate all that is imperfect would lead to the destruction of society itself. And there may be a third party, which seeks to reconcile the two, but which yet can never thrive by itself, since it depends for its opportunity of activity on the previous antagonism of others. Without all the three, the fates could not spin their thread. As the motions of the solar world require the centripetal force, which by itself alone would draw all things into central confusion; the centrifugal force, which if uncontrolled would hurl the planets on a tangent into infinite space; and lastly, that reconciling adjustment, which preserves the two powers in harmony; so society always has within itself the elements of conservatism, of absolute right, and reform.

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"The necessity of the progress of the race follows, therefore, from the fact, that the great Author of all truth has left it in its immutability to be observed, and has endowed man with the power of observation and generalization. Precisely the same conclusions will appear, if we contemplate society from the point of view of the unity of the universe. The unchanging character of law is the only basis on which continuous action can rest. Without it man would be but as the traveler over endless morasses; the building on quicksands; the mariner without a compass or rudder, driven successively whithersoever changing winds may blow. The universe is the reflex and image of its Creator. 'The true work of art,' says Michael Angelo, 'is but a shadow of the Divine perfections.' We may say in a more general manner, that BEAUTY ITSELF IS BUT THE SENSIBLE IMAGE OF THE INFINITE, that all creation is the effluence of the Almighty, not as the result of caprice, but flowing out from his essence; and as the universe thus produced, is always in the course of change, so the regulating mind is a living Providence, perpetually manifesting itself anew. If His designs could be thwarted, we should lose the great evidence of His unity, as well as the anchor of our own hope.

Harmony is the characteristic of the world of intelligence; and immutable laws of moral existence must pervade all time, and all space, all ages and all worlds. The comparative anatomist has studied, analyzed, and classified every species of vertebrate existence to be found now on earth, in the air, in the rivers, in the deep, or among the fossil remains of lost forms of being; and he discovers that they all without exception are analogous, so that the induction becomes irresistible, that an archetype existed previous to the creation of the first of the kind.

Shall we then hesitate to believe that the system of law likewise pervades the moral world? We cannot shut our eyes to the established fact, that an ideal, or archetype, prescribed the form of animal life; and shall we not believe that the type of intellectual life likewise exists in the divine mind?

I know that there is a pride which calls this fatalism, and which rebels at the thought that the will of the Father of life should control what He has made. There are those who must needs assert for their individual selves the constant possession of that power which the great English poet represents the bad angels to have lost heaven for once attempting to usurp; they are not content with being gifted with the faculty of discerning the counsels of God, and becoming happy by conforming to His decrees, but claim the privilege of acting irrespective of those decrees. Not satisfied with having been created in His image, they assume the liberty to counteract His will. They do not perceive that cosmical order depends on the universality and absolute certainty of law; that for that end events in their course are not merely as fixed as Ararat and the Andes, but follow laws that are much older than Andes or Ararat, that are as old as those which upheaved the mountains.—The glory of God is not contingent on man's good will, but all existence subserves his purposes. The order of the universe is as a celestial poem whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well adjusted, and perfect harmony—so that as the hand of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man, may, one day, arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet, the sum of present actions, tho' we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole; men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea of liberty and necessary law become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light, liberty and love. The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face; was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it goes with our search for Him in the processes of life. It is when the hour of conflict is passed, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim: "Lo! God is here, and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of time, may be written, "God reigns."—Events as they pass away, "proclaim their Great Original;" and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting "TE DEUM LAUDAMUS," with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.

It is because God is visible in history that its office is the noblest except that of the poet. The poet is at once the interpreter and the favorite of heaven. He catches the first beam of light that flows from its uncreated source. He repeats the message of the Infinite, without always being able to analyze it, and often without knowing how he received it, or why he was selected for its utterance. But history yields in dignity to him alone, for it not only watches all the great encounters of life, but recalls what had vanished, and, partaking of a bliss like that of creating, restores it to animated being. The mineralogist takes special delight in contemplating the process of crystalization, as though he had caught Nature at her work as a geometrician; giving herself up to be gazed at without concealment such as she appears in the very moment of action. But history, as she reclines in the lap of eternity, sees the mind of humanity itself engaged in formative efforts, constructing sciences, promulgating laws, organizing commonwealths, and displaying its energies in the visible movement of its intelligence. Of all pursuits that require analysis, history, therefore, stands first. It is equal to philosophy; but as certain as the actual bodies forth the ideal, so certain does history contain philosophy. It is grander than the Natural sciences; for its study is man, the last work of creation, and the most perfect in its relations with the Infinite.

In surveying the short period during which man has been the tenant of the earth, the proofs of progress are so abundant that we do not know with which of them to begin, or how they should be classified. He is seen in the earliest stages of society, bare of abstract truth, unskilled in the methods of induction, and hardly emancipated from bondage to the material universe. How wonderful is it, then, that a being whose first condition was so weak, so humble, and so naked, and of whom no monument older than forty centuries can be found, should have accumulated such fruitful stores of intelligence and have attained to such perfection of culture!

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The half century which we commemorate, is found to retain the same character of superiority, if we consider the study it has made of the history of the earth. Geology, in that time, has assumed a severe scientific form, doing the highest honor, I will not say, to the individual men who have been concerned in the pursuit, but to human nature itself; by the imperturbable serenity with which seeming contradictions have been studied till they have been found to confirm the general laws, and men have been able to discover in some degree the chronology of the earth; to demonstrate the regularity of its structure where it seemed most disturbed; and where Nature herself was at fault, and the trail of her footsteps broken, to restore the just arrangement of strata that had been crushed into confusion, or turned over in apparently inexplicable and incongruous folds. And thus the geologist has been able to peruse the rocky tablets on which time-honored Nature has set her inscriptions. He has opened the massive sepulchres of departed forms of being, and has pored over the copious records preserved there in stone, till they have revealed the majestic march of creative power, from the organism of the zoöphyte entombed in the lowest depths of Siluria, through all the rising gradations of animal life, up to its subliniest result in God-like man.

Again: It is only in our day that the sun has been taught to do the work of an artist, and in obedience to man's will, the great wave of light in its inconceivable swiftness of motion is compelled to delineate with inimitable exactness any object that the eye of day looks upon.

Of the nature of electricity, more has been discovered in the last fifty years than in all past time, not even excepting the age when our own Franklin called it from the clouds. This aerial invisible power has learnt to fly as man's faithful messenger, till the mystic wires tremble with his passions and bear his errands on the wings of lightning. He divines how this agency, which holds the globe in its invisible embrace, guides floating atoms to their places in the crystal; or teaches the mineral ores the lines in which they should move, where to assemble together and where to lie down and take their rest. It whispers to the meteorologist the secrets of the atmosphere and the skies. For the chemist in the laboratory it perfects the instruments of heat, dissolves the closest affinities and reunites the sundered elements. It joins the artisan at his toil, and, busily employed at his side, this subtlest and swiftest of existences patiently and carefully reproduces the designs of the engraver or the plastic art, and disposes the metal with a skillful delicacy and exactness which the most consummate workman cannot rival. Nay, more: it enters into the composition of man himself, and is ever present as the inmost witness of his thoughts and volitions. These are discoveries of our time.

But enough of this contrast of the achievement of one age with that of all preceding ones. It may seem to be at variance with our theme, that as republican institutions gain ground, Woman appears less on the theatre of events. She, whose presence in the briary world is as a lily among thorns whose smile is pleasant like the light of morning, and whose eye is the gate of heaven; she, whom Nature so reveres, that the lovely veil of her Spirit is the best terrestrial emblem of beauty, ceases to command armies or reign supreme over legislation. Yet the progress of liberty, while it has made her less conspicuous in historic events, has redeemed her into the possession of the full dignity of her nature, has made her not man's slave, but his companion, his counsellor, and fellow-martyr, and for an occasional ascendency in political affairs has substituted the uniform enjoyment of domestic equality. The avenue to public active life seems closed against her, but without impairing her power over mind, or her fame. The lyre is as obedient to her touch, the muse as coming to her call, as to that of man; and truth in its purity finds no more honored interpreter.

When comparisons are drawn between longer periods of time, the progress of the race appears from the change in the condition of man himself.—Time knows no holier mission than to assort the rights of labor, and it has not been unmindful of the duty. Were Aristotle and Plato to come back to our earth, they would find no contrast more complete than between the workshops of Athens, and those of New York. At Athens the slave practised the mechanic arts; nor did it occur to the pupils of the Academy, that the world could do its work except by the use of slaves. But here labor is dignified and ennobled, as it deserves, and has a right to be. The mechanic in his freedom knows how to command the powers of Nature by rendering filial obedience to her laws; his desire of success in his occupation, whether in the shipyard, or the iron-works, or wherever else he is found, compels him to be the diligent, persevering, and honest investigator of truth; at his daily toil he stands face to face with the laws of creation; so that it may be said of him that, like Enoch, "he walks with God."

The fifty years which we celebrate, have taken mighty strides toward the abolition of servitude.—Prussia, in the hour of its sufferings and its greatest calamities, renovated its existence partly by the establishment of schools, and partly by changing its serfs into a proprietary peasantry. In Hungary the attempt toward preserving the nationality of the Magyars may have failed; the last vestiges of bondage have been effaced, and the holders of the plow have become the owners of themselves and of its soil. * * * * * * *

Here we are met, at the very threshold of our argument, by an after-birth of the materialism of the last century. A feeble effort is making to reconstruct society on the simple observation of the laws of the visible universe. The system is presented with arrogant pretension, under the name of "the Positive Philosophy," and deduces its lineage thro' the English unitarianism of Priestley and Belsham, and the French materialism which culminated in Broussais. It scoffs at all questions of metaphysics and religious faith as insoluble and unworthy of human attention, and sets up the banner of an affirming creed in the very moment that it describes its main characteristic as a refusal to contemplate or to recognize the Infinite. How those who take their opinions from Hobbes and Locke and their continental interpreters, and still adhere to the philosophy which owns no sources of knowledge but the senses, can escape the humiliating yoke of this new system, I leave them to discover. But the system is as little entitled to be feared as to be received. When it has put together all that it can collect of the laws of the material universe, it can advance no further toward the explanation of existence, morals or reason. They who listen as well to the instructions of inward experience, may smile at the air of wisdom with which a scheme that has no basis in the soul is presented to the world as a new universal creed—the Catholic Church of the materialist. Its handfull of acolytes wonder why they remain so few. But Atheism never holds sway over human thought except as a usurper—no child of its own succeeding. Error is a convertible term with decay. Falsehood and death are synonymes. Falsehood can gain no permanent foothold in the immortal soul; for there can be no abiding or real faith except in that which is eternally and universally true. The future of the world will never produce a race of Atheists; and their casual appearance is but the evidence of some ill-understood truth—some mistaken direction of the human mind—some partial and imperfect view of creation. The Atheist denies the life of life, which is the source of liberty. Proclaiming himself a mere finite thing of to-day, he rejects all connection with the Infinite. Pretending to search for truth, he abjures the Spirit of truth.—Were it possible that the world could become without God, that greatest death—the death of the race—would ensue; and when a better creation should succeed, there would no more be known of the departed one than is known of the mastodon or the ichthyosaur. It is because man cannot separate himself from his inward experience, and his yearning after the Infinite, that he is capable of progress—that he can receive a religion, whose history is the triumph of right over evil, whose symbol is the resurrection.

The reciprocal relation between God and humanity constitutes the unity of the race. The more complete recognition of that unity is the first great promise which we receive from the future. Separate nations have, indeed, had their separate creeds, institutions and homes. The commonwealth of mankind, as a great whole, was not to be constructed in one generation, but the different nations are to be considered as its component parts, prepared like so many separate springs and wheels, one day to be put together.

Everything tends to that consummation. Geographical research has penetrated nearly every part of the world, revealed the paths of the ocean, and chronicled even the varying courses of the winds; while commerce circles the globe. At our Antipodes, a new continent, lately tenanted only by the wildest of men and the strangest products of Nature, the kangaroo, and the quadruped with the bill of a bird, rises into existence as an outpost of civilization, one day to do service in regenerating the world.

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The moment we enter upon the consideration of an enlarged sphere of rational existence, we may as well believe in beings that are higher than ourselves as in those that are lower; and it is not irrational to inquire after the extent of intellectual life. Inquisitive minds have asked whether there is a plurality of worlds. Induction clearly warrants the opinion that the planets and the stars are tenanted or are to be tenanted by inhabitants endowed with reason; for though man is but a new comer upon earth, organic life has existed time out of mind, like a long twilight before the day. Some, indeed, tremulously inquire how it may be in those distant spheres with regard to redemption. But the scruple is uncalled for. Since the Mediator is from the beginning, he exists for all intelligent life not less than for all time. It is very narrow and contradictory to confine His office to the planet on which we dwell. In other worlds, the fact of history may be, or, rather, by all the laws of induction, will be different; but the essential relations of the finite to the Infinite are, and must be, invariable. It is not more certain that the power of gravity extends through the visible universe, than that throughout all time and all space there is but one mediation between God and created reason. The Mediator is a necessary condition of all subordinate intellectual activity, wherever it may have been or may be called into being.

But leaving aside the question how far rational life extends, it is certain that for humanity the connection with the Infinite constitutes its unity. Here, too, is our solace for the indisputable fact that humanity, in its upward course, passes through the shadows of death and over the relics of decay.—Her march is strown with the ruins of formative efforts, that were never crowned with success.—How often does the just man suffer, and sometimes suffer most for his brightest virtues! How often do noblest sacrifices to regenerate a nation seem to have been offered in vain! How often is the champion of liberty struck down in the battle, and the symbol which he uplifted trampled under foot!—But what is the life of an individual to that of his country? of a state or a nation at a given moment, to that of the race? The just man would cease to be just, if he were not willing to perish for his kind. The scoria that fly from the iron at the strike of the artisan show how busily he plies his task; the clay which is rejected from the potter's wheel proves the progress of his work; the chips of marble that are thrown off by the chisel of the sculptor leave the miracle of beauty to grow under his hand. Nothing is lost. I leave to others the questioning of Infinite Power, why the parts are distributed as they are, and not otherwise. Humanity moves on, attended by its glorious company of martyrs. It is our consolation that their sorrows and persecution, and death, are encountered in the common cause, and not in vain.

The world is just beginning to take to heart this principle of the unity of the race, and to discover how fully and how beneficently it is fraught with international, political and social revolutions. Without attempting to unfold what the greater wisdom of coming generations can alone adequately conceive and practically apply, we may observe that the human mind tends not only towards unity, but universality.

Infinite truth is never received without some admixture of error; and in the struggle which necessarily ensues between the two, the error constantly undergoes the process of elimination. Investigations continue without a pause. The explanatory hypothesis, perpetually renewed, receives perpetual corrections. Fresh observations detect the fallacies in the former hypothesis. Again, mind, acting *a priori*, revises its theory, of which it repeats and multiplies the tests. Thus it proceeds from observation to hypothesis, and from hypothesis to observation, constantly gaining more perfect mastery over its stores of accumulated knowledge by generalizations which approximate nearer and nearer to absolute truth.

With each successive year, a large number of minds in each separate nationality inquire into man's end and nature; and as truth and the laws of God are unchangeable, the larger the number of minds that engage in their study, the greater will be the harvest. Nor is this all; the nations are drawn to each other as members of one family, and their mutual acquisitions rapidly become common property.

Here, then, is a double advantage. Truth, as discerned by the mind of man, is constantly recovering its primal lustre, and is constantly making its way to universal acceptance; while every successive emancipation from error brings the race closer to a likeness with God.

Not that greater men will appear. Who can ever embody the high creative imagination of the poet more perfectly than Homer or Dante, or Shakspeare? Who can discern "the ideas" of existence more clearly than Plato, or be furnished with all the instruments of thought and scientific attainment more completely than Aristotle? In universality of mind, who will surpass Bacon, or Liebnitz, or Kant? The mass of men will never, individually, be their peers; indeed, the world may never again see their like. There are not wanting those who believe that the more intelligence is diffused, the less will the intelligent be distinguished from one another; that the colossal greatness of individuals implies a general inferiority; just as the tree which rises on the plains, in solitary grandeur, alone reaches the fullest development; or as the rock which stands by itself in the wilderness, seems to cast the widest and most grateful shade; in a word, that the day of mediocrity attends the day of general culture. But, if wiser men do not arise, there will certainly be more wisdom. The Spirit of the world is always becoming more intelligent; the collective man of the future will see further, and see more clearly, than the collective man of to-day, and he will share that superior power of vision with every one of his time. Each individual man bears within him not only his own personality, but the consciousness of the existence of that ideal man who is the impersonation of his race, and in whose attainments and intelligence he participates. Thus it comes to pass that the child at school, in our time, could instruct Columbus respecting the figure of the earth, or Newton respecting light, or Franklin on electricity; that the husbandman or the mechanic of a Christian congregation solves questions respecting God and man, and man's destiny, which would have perplexed the most gifted philosophers of ancient Greece.

Finally, as a consequence of the tendency of the race toward unity and universality, the organization of society must more and more represent the principle of freedom. This will be the last triumph of humanity—partly because the science of government enters into the sphere of personal interests, so that the application of those laws is resisted by private selfishness—and partly because society, before it can be constituted aright, must turn its eye upon itself, observe the laws of its own existence, and arrive at the consciousness of its capacities and relations.

The system of political economy may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations, by demonstrating that they all are, naturally, fellow-laborers and friends; but its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effects of personal competition, can never be accepted as the rule for the dealing of man with man.

The love for others, and for the race, is as much a part of human nature as the love of self: it is a common instinct that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles, not less than the reason, and this is one of them. No practicable system of social equality has been brought forward, or it should, and it would have been adopted. It does not follow that none can be devised. There is no necessary opposition between labor and intelligence. To elevate the masses, they themselves must have culture to know their rights, courage to assert them, and self-respect to take nothing less. The good time is coming when the Spirit of humanity will recognize all members of its family as more equally entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want, will end in a better science of distribution; when man will dwell with man as with his brother; when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom. But this result must come from the development of internal life by universal culture; it cannot be created by the force of exterior philanthropy, and still less by the reckless violence of men whose desperate audacity would employ terror as a means to ride on the whirlwind of civil war. Successful revolution proceeds, like all other formative processes, from inward germs of life. A people is always logical in its action; its institutions are always the reflection of its heart and its intelligence; and in proportion as they are purified and enlightened, must its public life manifest the dominion of universal reason. In this manner changes are surely and often imperceptibly made. Where an abiding reform appears to have been instantaneously effected, it will be found that the happy result was but the sudden plucking of fruit which had slowly ripened. The subtle and irresistible movement of mind, silently but thoughtfully purifying opinion and changing society, brings liberty both to the soul and to the world. All the despotisms on earth cannot stay its coming. Every error that man discards, is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by, is a redeeming from captivity. The tendency towards universality implies, necessarily, a tendency towards freedom—alike of belief and in action. The faith of the earliest ages was, of all others, the grossest. Every century of the Christian Church is less corrupt and less in bondage than its predecessor. In the present age, the sum total of Spiritual knowledge, as well as of liberty, is greater, and less mixed with error, than ever before. The future shall surpass it. The senseless strife between rationalism and supernaturalism will come to an end; an age of skepticism will not again be called an age of reason; and reason and religion will be found in accord.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—What is future punishment? In Matthew's Gospel, xxv. 46, we find the following text:—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

It does not, however, imply they shall stay there. Thus we see that eternal punishment is exhibited as a principle, like that of fire, which was to burn, ever has, now does, and will.

Hence, the principle of everlasting punishment is a law held good by Deity, as a constant corrector to the wicked; and as the time never has been, can, or will be, that the wicked can be wicked without feeling the influence of this principle to chasten them for their good—for good cannot inflict wrong,—so of the righteous, the time never has been, can, or will be, when they, even after passing into the principle of life eternal—or eternal life—that they will be able to retain the same upon any other principle than eternal goodness.

If any, however, dares to doubt this, I will ask them to consider why it was that holy angels could become unholy after admission to the Paradise of the Most High God?

Has God changed His eternal purposes? or is He eternally the same? If eternally the same, what reason have we to doubt but what we shall as surely fall if we degrade ourselves in heaven, as angels who have made the trial before us?

Or what reason have we to doubt if the heavens are on fire, and its elements to melt with fervent heat, the earth and the works therein, as the Apostle Peter declareth—2 Peter, iii. 10, 12—but what *all* will be purified, or suffer a similar fate, together?

Where shall *ice sinners* escape to when the heavens themselves melt with the fervent heat? Certainly we must have a place in earth, heaven or the hades; and when they all are on fire, where, Sir—where, indeed, shall we go?

The philosophy of Spiritualism has long since answered these questions to my mind; while the science of Psychology clearly demonstrates Spiritual existence—showing that we shall be conscious beings, bereft of the physical temptations to error, and that God's eternal purposes are one and the same thing; and if we are like Him, (eternally good,) we shall be eternally happy.

But if, unlike Him, eternally vile, eternally miserable. I ask, who cannot see that the eternal justice of God demands His wisdom to be unchangeable and proportionate to all ends?

I ask, therefore, where can be His eternal goodness to those who go away into everlasting punishment, except it is to suffer chastisement in proportion to their unyielding vileness? And who are to say that they shall remain eternally unyielding there—or, in other words, shall be prohibited repentance? God prohibits none from repentance—nor, indeed, punishes any; and if they go away into everlasting punishment, is it not for them to return again, or suffer eternally?

But nothing will satisfy us, as Sabbath-day Christians of this old mythology, but frizzling and frying, and frying and frizzling of all who do not agree with our faith.

Our faith, Mr. Editor is a very essential consideration; as though God's plan of redemption must bend to it. Thus, the Rev. E. Dean, of this city, has taken great pains to show—and that, too, according to the Bible—that all Spiritualists are fulfilling the false prophecies; and, although they don't know it, yet, he says, they are going on to destruction—muttering and bewitched with all manner of evil concupiscence; or following the like character of such Spirits, proclaiming that no philosophical or scientific person has anything to do with the phenomena.

This Brother, I apprehend, has found that *he must either acknowledge these manifestations or deny the Bible.* Thus will end his apprehensions and anxieties, like thousands of others.

I sincerely hope all those who have scruples on this great and all-important subject will examine the philosophy of it; and I think they will see that going away into everlasting punishment, (which is a principle of chastisement,) and being eternally punished, are quite two things.

But it is said this is future punishment. Who does not know that God is one eternal *now*, and that men and angels are present-tense beings? Then all chastisement must be in the present tense, for neither men nor angels can suffer where they are not. Consequently, where they are they must suffer, or not at all.

God is love. Love cannot inflict suffering. God is wisdom. Wisdom is too wise to err. God is Spiritually everywhere present. Wherever His Spirit is, there is liberty, peace, rest, and eternal life. Then, if we must be eternally punished, we must eternally punish ourselves, by eternally laboring to pervert God's laws.

Your Brother, L. BUSH.

Auburn, Dec. 3, 1854.

ELECTRICITY.—The following remarkable story is related in a recent number of the *Courier de l'Europe*:

"A gentleman employed in one of the telegraph offices in France, accidentally brought his arm in contact with one of the wires while the electric current was passing through it. So violent was the shock that he was raised from his chair and thrown with great force through an open window into the adjoining garden. When he recovered his senses, he had no recollection of what had happened, and could only be convinced of it by finding that his hair and beard, which were previously of a jet black, had become in various places as white as snow. It devolves on men of science to explain this phenomenon, which will form an epoch in the history of electricity."

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

"POPULAR INFIDELITY."

The above saying has been used so often, and forced on the attention of the reader and hearer in such a variety of forms, that one is sadly at a loss to know just what meaning to attach to it. Still, we incline to the opinion that there is a meaning, could we be so fortunate as to give it "a local habitation and a name."

When a man adopts any system, or acknowledges any law or principle, every conception of consistency and honor demands of him *fidelity* to such; and when his *conduct* violates the fundaments of such duty as he owes to these relations, such neglect becomes *infidelity*, in the most significant and primitive sense of the term. The word *infidel*, therefore, has a great variety of appropriation, although the meaning of the word is fixed and definite. As we use the word, therefore, it is most expressive of the bad faith kept by the professedly Christian world with the precepts and plain teachings of Jesus.

The opinions of this or that man may be *infidel*, so far as they violate this moral relation; but in any other sense, there can be no definiteness in the word.

It is necessary, therefore, for such *moral* relations to exist between the opinions of the party and its conduct as will make *fidelity* or *infidelity* the natural result of such agreement or disagreement, as may be found in harmony with their expressed faith and expressive conduct.

This conception is in harmony with the conviction, now becoming somewhat popular, that a man is to be *judged* by his own *moral* standard, and not by the notions of his neighbor. This, of course, is true only of the man of moral character; for those who make issue with the fundamentals of morality, are not only infidel to the moral order of society, but criminal from the necessities of the case.

The existence of Common Law, and the discipline it enforces, is the expressed conviction of mankind as the way all such relations are to be treated, and establish, beyond cavil, the necessity for moral fidelity. The Christian, therefore, who ignores the responsibilities of his faith, and the civilian who violates the fidelity he owes to law and order, are alike *infidel* to the true gospel of life—*manhood*. The religion of Jesus, the philanthropy of his teachings and the philosophy of his life, confirm this view of the subject, and authorize us in saying it is not a man's opinions, but his conduct, that proclaim him *infidel*. This must be plain to those who remember that Jesus selected the poor and despised Samaritan—the so-called infidel of his times—to illustrate one of the final materials of his teachings.

The world, as yet, however, thinks but lightly of this view of the subject; because opinion is more powerful—because more popular—to-day than deeds and practice.

This would be plain, but we *die* time and room to make up and give a catalogue of the works—small and large—that have been published within the last half century for the purpose of convincing the general reader of the follies of "*infidelity*." The following reflections, however, are suggested by these issues:

First. The general conception of Christianity, as it reveals the teachings and explains the life, and elaborates the value of the mission of Jesus, makes each and all so simple and so comprehensive and well-adapted to the needs and necessities of humanity, that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in understanding it.

This conception has been fostered by the constant appeals made from the pulpit to the popular mind in favor of the teachings of Jesus. These publications, however, make it a very complex affair; because there are so many issues that challenge not only faith—moral and historical—but reason, science and philosophy, that few know how to reason on the subject, even when these works have been read.

We have not the room to say why this is; but we recognize, in the reactions of public opinion, that the innate faith of human nature delights to believe there is some method and sense in this labor for Christianity, while thinking of the scholarship, the piety and the controversial skill displayed in these popular vindications.

The more we think of this, however, the more promptly are we brought to the second reason.

If it is fundamental to human nature to believe that "a tree is known by its fruit," it is equally true that "effects are in proportion to causes;" so that we are safe in the inference that the popular method of advocating Christianity must be radically and fundamentally *wrong*—else so much work, so much piety and ingenuity, could not have been so unproductive of good.

This is not the time to make a comparison between what has and what might have been done; but we are daily reminded that a reform is needed in church polemics, as much as *practice* is required of the professed Christian, if the Gospel is ever to become "*glad tidings of great joy unto all people.*"

These reflections, true in themselves, have been prompted by thinking over the criticisms made on the Oration of the Hon. George Bancroft, and the theology of Lord Palmerston, now going the round of the press. There is much in the opinions of both those distinguished men we like; because we think them true, and in harmony with the Spirit, as well as the philosophy of Jesus. We have given most of Mr. Bancroft's Oration on the first page, and hope the reader will give it a candid and thoughtful reading.

The omitted portions are so purely of a theological or non-essential character, that the general and fundamental philosophy of the orator will be plain to the reader.

The two following extracts will give a fair expression of the opposing press, though every phase of criticism has been called out by the oration.

We attempt no criticism, as we have not the room; but if we had, it is a question with us if such criticism would be useful or called for.

The following is from the High Church Episcopal organ, the Churchman, and "speaks like one having authority":

> There were interlardings of religious sentiment in this oration, as copious as they were specious, and the Almighty was involved in some of His attributes, and even the Savior was acknowledged in some of his capacities. But it had nothing of the inspired word in it at—nothing of the Gospel. No one could, on the slightest consideration, suppose that "Moses and the Prophets" where regarded as any authorities, whether as respects the veritable history of creation, or the real condition of our race; or that the Gospel dispensation was to be held otherwise than as subordinate to the intellectual attainments, the cultivated reason of man. We heard a good deal about Truth—but not only was it truth restricted and misdirected, but it was not the Truth as God has revealed it to us. It was truth according to reason, in opposition to revelation. As though he had, in so many words, declared to us—"You have reason; reason was given to you to be exerted. What is the use of it, if you are not to search out truth? You must become independent thinkers, and students of history and investigators of Nature. Truth, as you will thereby find it out, must be your object and rule." Such was, in effect, the language of Locke, and Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Paine; and, disguise it as he may, it is virtually and consequentially the language of Bancroft. . . . . We have no wish to say one word in disparagement of Mr. Bancroft as a man of genius, and of a highly cultivated mind. But having come forward to teach, or at least to insinuate a theology of reason, not only in contradistinction of revelation, but in antagonism to it, he must excuse our exposure of so mischievous a device. We know nothing of the honorable gentleman's religious professions; nor should we, under other circumstances, have taken the liberty of alluding to them. But notwithstanding his anathema of the Rationalist, his eloquent oration was yet brimful of Rationalism. And hence its contamination. Poison is not the less fatal when it is administered in a chalice of gold, and when it has the flavor of nectar.

The longest, the most able, and in some respects the most severe, criticism we have met with, is from the Christian Inquirer, (Unitarian,) of which the following is an extract:

> But the most painful objection we have to make on the main philosophy of Mr. Bancroft's discourse, is its latent irreligiousness. The Pantheistic Spirit of his philosophy, his Hegelian or Spinosan temper, is not concealed by the skillful drapery of evangelical terms in which it is arrayed. With an amusing and confounding air and sound of piety, we cannot but feel the freezing Naturalism, the undevout confusion of sacred and profane, the essential Materialism of his philosophy. "The great collective mind of man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present and foretell the future," is a sentence in the discourse which may pass for very hopeful rhetoric with those who know not the school of false philosophy it smells of; and the laborer who, at his daily toil, "stands face to face with the laws of Nature, so that it may be said of him that, like Enoch, 'he walks with God,'" is the accidental betrayal of a theology which makes small account of the Divine personality. We know no more successful or plausible form of Atheism than Pantheism. When God is everything, He is practically nothing; and when He does all things, He might as well do nothing. God in history is apt to be anything but God in Christ; and the piety which, instead of discriminating His ways from our ways, and His will from our will, confuses all the partition lines of thought and feeling, ends in practical Infidelity and Atheism. It is in vain that our orator endeavors to put us off the scent of his own heresies by crying down the Positivism of Compte, and the Materialism of Locke, Priestley and Broussais. It is an old trick, which finds its imitators every day in the stop-thief cry of the shop-lifters and pilferers of our streets. We hold the bold Atheism of the honest and downright Frenchman in far more respect and infinitely less horror than the secret and poisonous skepticism which, in misty and unmeaning terms of orthodoxy, covers a mere Nature-worship or man-worship. And as for Locke, and Priestley, and Belsham, no one acquainted with the deeply religious Spirit of any one of them would think for a moment of profaning their piety by associating or comparing with them any of their unscrupulous defamers. Their theories may have been mistaken, but their lives and characters, their Spirit and temper, were above suspicion.
>
> Neither of them could have stooped to the use of a literary occasion for polemic calumny. Neither of them could have made use of terms certain to be misunderstood, to conciliate the approbation of the multitude. Neither of them could have smuggled into a public discourse, on a secular occasion, and before a promiscuous audience, theological statements offensive in the highest degree to invited guests, astounding to personal friends, and contradictory to all the antecedents, obligations and sanctities of their own history.

NEW BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

CHARLES LINTON, MEDIUM.

The above is the title of a very remarkable book, to the reading of a part of which it was our pleasure to listen a few days since. It purports to come from the Spirit world, through the mediumship of Mr. Charles Linton. The medium is not only young in years, but in the experiences of life and the culture of scholarship, so that there is every external and circumstantial authority to force the conviction that the work has other than an earthly origin. It is hardly necessary, at this date, to refer to these items, since the experiences of the Spiritual family, during the past five years, has made mediumship a matter of fact and science to to all who have examined the subject.

Still, the question of *quality* and the conditions *best* calculated to develop superior manifestations are not by any means settled or understood, so that every effort made by the Spirits to develop mediums and make revelations of a more ambitious and commanding character will aid to give light on these points, as investigation is challenged in proportion to the claims and magnitude of the communication.

The book under consideration is of this class, as may be inferred from its title, "*The Healing of the Nations.*" It is *religious* in all the issues it makes, and frequently devotional, even when discussing and ignoring many of the dogmas of theology,

Much of this remarkable work has been written in the presence of Gov. Tallmadge of Wisconsin, who has become so profoundly impressed with the importance of the work and the mission it has to fill in the world's history, that he has written an introduction, which for clearness of method, elaborateness of detail, and power of mental demonstration, has seldom been equaled in so short an essay.

This might be expected from Gov. Tallmadge, as he is a man of acknowledged ability and strength, but the freshness and thoroughness of the *revelations* have come home to his own Spirit, warming him into the admiration of youth and the vigor of manhood, so that he brings an illuminated mind to his labor of love. The book will be uniform in size and style with Judge Edmonds' works, and will number over 500 pages.

Every effort will be made to have the execution of the work perfect. As the work is to be published by "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," great pains will be taken to have a *true* representative of a *series*, which, it is hoped, will follow, as fast as the Spirits favor us with like or better communications. The getting up and publishing of the book will require two months at least, but it may be looked for early in the month of March, 1855.

Although the size of the book, as well as the size of the type, the quality of the paper, the binding, &c., will require a large outlay of money, still, as the Society wishes it to do a good work, and have a large circulation, the price will be proportioned by this view of its usefulness.

It is supposed that the retail price will be $1,50, while the usual discount will be made to the trade.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

This work has been in progress, and is now nearly completed. We are in hopes it will make its appearance in season for the holidays, as we think many Spiritualists would much rather select their "gifts" from such works than spend their money for that which is "*not bread.*"

Of the character of the work, the reader must draw his own conclusions from extracts in this and last week's paper.

FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

As the time is near when the Fair is to be opened, we wish to report progress.

The Fair will be held in FREE MASON'S HALL, No. 600, Broadway, commencing Thursday evening, December the 21st, at 6 o'clock, to be continued the following day and evening.

The ladies have been active in getting articles made and things in readiness for the occasion, that the Fair may be an exhibition of taste, ingenuity, and industry, as well as charity and philanthropy. There will be some of nearly all sorts of fancy articles and toys for the holidays, and many things of a more substantial kind, that may serve as mementoes of the occasion, while filling some practical office in the economies of life. A piano has been loaned, so that music may be expected, with such other entertainments as may best harmonize with the meeting. As many persons like to have public speaking at all such exhibitions, there will be an invitation to such gentlemen and ladies as would be most likely to respond to such a call, and act in the Spirit of fellowship with the getters-up of the Fair.

It is expected that the exhibition will look very beautiful, as we hear there are many ingenious things conceived of to ornament and decorate the Hall, as well as taste and order to the general arrangement. Mrs. Bradley will also be present with her Spirit-drawings, as many have expressed a desire to see them. This lady will have a part of the Hall fixed off for her exhibition, where those wishing to see the drawings, can do so by paying an extra fee.

We doubt not, many will accept of this opportunity, to see what must be considered by all, whether Spiritualists or not, a *wonder*. As cheerfulness is ever desirable, every fitting opportunity will be used for that purpose. Of course the Post-Office will have full and heavy mails, and an active business, as all should know the latest news from Home.

In short, it is hoped, there will be something for all, old and young, that all may enjoy the Fair while contributing their "mite" to aid the cause of Humanitary Reform.

The admittance will be 12 1-2 cts. Tickets can be had at our office, and will be sold by the proper committees and at the door during the exhibition.

It is to be hoped, that those having made articles for the Fair, will be mindful to bring them to 558 Broadway, by Tuesday, December the 19th, that the committee on arrangement may be getting things in order. Of *course*, the eatables and drinkables usual on all such occasions, will be thought of by such of our friends as understand the economies and laws of *gastronomics*. We say of course, for our present culture makes us think too often—"howbeit, that which was *natural* was *first*, and afterward that which was *Spiritual*."

It is to be hoped, however, that in all things, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," all shall be done with reference to the law of temperance and prudence. This caution may be unnecessary, but it often happens, in the enjoyment of life, we forget in the hour of excitement and pleasure the counsels of good sense and prudence.—This is not only true of those who buy, but those who sell, and is often productive of loss rather than gain in a monied point of view. As wisdom is said to be approved of her children, we invoke her presence on the occasion, that it may be worthy of the holy cause it seeks to aid.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

According to the notice given in our last, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Fowler were in attendance at the above School, 695, Sixth Avenue, on Monday evening, December 11th. The subject of remark for the evening was "The Formation of Character," which was treated in a familiar and practical manner.

The gospel of life, as preached by Mr. Fowler, is plain, practical, and fundamental to all the relations of life, suggesting the defects of our present manner, morals and customs, as well as the necessity of a higher civilization, a vital religion, and an acculturized humanity.

This, in outline, was brought home to the convictions of the audience, and enforced by Mrs. Fowler in some very humane and kindly expressed remarks. The culture of this lady, and the delicacy and feeling with which she expresses the good sense, native alike to herself and the school of her culture (the Phrenological,) will seldom fail of awakening the intellectual sympathy of the sensible hearer, be her mission public or private.

In her remarks, she illustrated how the influence of the family, the school and the street tended to the formation of character.

Much that she said, has most direct reference to the present difficulties that stand in the way of female culture. As this lady is to commence a course of lectures at the above place for the benefit of the School, we hope the ladies of the Spiritual family will be in attendance, as Mrs. Fowler is well qualified by study, observation, and culture, to give such explanation of the functions of the body as will illustrate the *uses* and *abuses* of life. These lectures are designed mostly for women, the first to be delivered Saturday afternoon, December 23d, commencing at 3 o'clock. There will be a collection taken up at each of these lectures.

Beside these, there will be *two* lectures each week, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, commencing at half-past seven o'clock.

Mr. Toohey was announced as the next lecturer, and his subject, "The Temperaments and their Harmony."

That there is a growing interest in this School is very apparent to us, who are in the way of hearing the remarks made, and know what is doing to make it more useful.

There are many, however, who do not know this, for whom we insert the following, that they may learn how others are trying to give the helping hand to this philanthropic enterprize, and how they may do likewise. How many there are in this city like the gentleman writing, who may have lived long without knowing in what way they may have been able to aid humanity in its efforts for a better life, it were hard to say, but many there are who have yet to learn the divine ecstacy of doing good to the poor and needy.

To all such, the following letter will be suggestive of a method by which they may give the helping hand to the cause of Humanitary Reform, and sustain those working for the redemption of the unfortunate everywhere. May God and the angels watch over and bless progress in this holy and benevolent enterprize, is and ever has been the prayer of the good and true of every nation.

LETTER TO MISS DOW.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17th, 1854.

MY DEAR MADAM:—The review of a life prolonged beyond forty years, leaves a deep regret of an apparent inability in any *direct way*, of having been beneficial to my fellow-creatures, and up to the present moment, I have not seen in what manner I could promote any *really good cause*. I *now* do see it, and before worldly feelings of prudence chill and choke the impulse, I commit myself to aid your noble efforts to educate and elevate our unfortunate youth, by contributing whilst I have my health, and hold my present situation, (that of book-keeper with a moderate salary,) the sum of one dollar per week. This I can do without depriving myself of any of the necessaries of life, and as, thanks to a beneficent providence, who causeth the sun to shine on the just as well as the *unjust*, my children are daily becoming more able to provide for themselves, and I am also enabled to lay up a certain something for declining years, I do not think I am robbing them.

I have long been subject to the strongest Spiritual influences which I am sorry to say have been unheeded, and I have pursued a worldly course. My daily pursuits have spared me but little time to investigate this most vital subject, rendered more difficult by the ridicule of a large family circle, members of the Episcopal Church, by whom I am looked upon as little better than an infidel or lunatic, but in spite of all opposition. I am determined to pursue my course calmly and dispassionately, if possible.

I inclose you my first weekly stipend, and shall continue to do so, unless it will be more useful to you monthly or quarterly.

From one who feels that he is very frequently under the guidance of the Spirits of dearly beloved ones. M. E. A. M.

REV. U. CLARK.

We have been waited on by some of the Brooklyn Society, with reference to an article in our last issue, in which we made some reflections on the above-named gentleman.

Those friends wish it to be known that there are in the Society those who not only like Mr. Clark as a man, but as a speaker, and think his style calculated to please and educate the inquiring mind.

This statement will be sufficient to offset the implied censure in the following extract, taken from the article referred to:

"Mr. Clark had lectured some Sundays for the Brooklyn Society, during which time they learned that his style, as a speaker, was not to their *liking*, and therefore were anxious to have a change."

We are, moreover, requested to remark that the charge brought against Mr. Clark of "wire-pulling for office," must be received with *caution*, as his conduct in this particular was but the carrying out of a suggestion made by another member of the Society.

While we are on this subject, we will give place to an extract from the editorial of the Troy Daily Times, on Mr. Clark's letter, to which we referred last week.

We do this, that we may exonerate ourselves from all imputation to injure Mr. Clark in vindicating ourselves.

The Editor of the Times, in a commendatory notice of Mr. Clark's letter, uses the following language, which is friendly and positive:

"We have enjoyed the intimate acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Clark during a period of many years, and always found him to be—what we sincerely believe he now is—an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman."

Since writing the above, we have been informed that, at the Brooklyn Conference, last Sunday, part of the afternoon was occupied by Dr. Hatch and Mr. Clark in criticising our reply to Mr. Townsend's Report, and reflecting on the past phases of our history. Of the propriety or impropriety of this conduct, we have nothing to offer, at present, as Mr. Clark *recalled* all he had ever said about us, in the presence of the Committee. We hope this explanation will be acceptable to our friends.

We learn, by the Spiritual Telegraph, that the Committee was to request us to make "*material modifications* in the article referred to," as "it reflected severely on Mr. Townsend and the Rev. U. Clark." The only modification it is in our power to make, is in the above remarks, which were submitted to the Committee; nor could we have made them, did not the *proper* party come *voluntarily* forward to take so much of the blame as improperly was placed on Mr. Clark.

Our motto is, "Nothing extenuate, *or set down aught in malice*;" but speak the truth, in the love of it—when justice requires us to speak plain.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

"I saw in heaven a Victory-bringing Angel;
A rod, whose flowers were souls was in his hand;
Concentric Sun-spheres that the skies bespangle
Wreathed all their jeweled flames to forms a band
Of concentrated light his brow upon.

. . . . I saw a shower
Of golden light stream from that Angel's wand,
And, looking down toward Earth's Western Land,
The air was full of fire-flakes; where they fell,
The human mind, thrilled by some unknown spell.
Was quickened. Day by day, for so it seemed,
More vividly those burning fire-flakes gleamed
Some fell on little infants, and they talked
In perfect speech almost before they walked.
And some on children, and they woke by night,
And talked with Angels and their hearts grew light
With many smiles. Some fell on youthful maids.
Walking untended in the forest shades;
These felt the young leaves quiver, heard the thrill
Of music 'round them, though the birds were still,
And the quick ear thrilled to celestial songs
Chanted in heaven by viewless Angel throngs.
And Poets felt it, as beneath the snow
The snow-drop wakes, when first the south winds blow.
And Lovers heard it in the moonlight pale,
What time sweet twilight throws her bridal veil
Jeweled with stars o'er Earth's bloom-hidden breast;
Their bosoms moved, as if each were the nest
Of happy doves; where hand in hand they trod,
Their hearts thrilled deep as if they talked with God;
A Spiritual glory sparkling shone
Around each sacred form, a light unknown
To natural senses, and they seemed to glide
Almost in ether, Spirits glorified.
It came to old men whom a century's snow
Had drifted over; they began to glow
With morning splendors of returning youth;
Sweet Love and Peace and Innocence and Truth
From the eternal hill-tops sang to them;
Plumed Immortality, with diadem
Of crystal fire, and eyes that shone like flame.
Instead of Death, to the departing came."

[LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND.

That the internal of every movement which tends to elevate and bless mankind is from the Lord, is confessed alike by the Spiritualist of the present day and the adherents of the several churches which represent the Past; which represent it, however, as the wasted and decaying corpse the once animate and beautiful structure of man. And as is the heart, so the life-blood which it impulses through its channels. If that beat faint and low, slow and sluggish will be the vital current in its flow. If the lungs, weak and diseased, no longer serve to purify and quicken with the breath of heaven, then, instead of life and health, poison and death will permeate and spread throughout the system. Therefore if a church be dead, its faith will be also dead: and though outward forms may remain, the inner life and substance will be found to have departed. Judaism still lingers like a wandering and homeless Spirit, haunting the suburbs of the cities of the Old World, and the crowded lanes of the New; so the embalmed and exhumed remains of poor "humanities," denied even the blessing of oblivion and a return to kindred dust, still meet the gaze of the curious, lingering mementoes of forgotten races, and their vain and foolish labor to resist the law of change and evolution. But God in His abundant and boundless goodness will not suffer such folly to be repeated. As life departs from the Medieval, or Catholic Church, as palor and fell disease seize upon the Protestant or Churches of the Reformation, as the damp death-chill, benumbing the extremities, creeps stealthily to the heart, and mortal pangs and cold tremors shake the doomed tabernacle of the struggling Spirit, LIFE descends anew from the Spirit-world, and humanity is born again from the heavens. And from the spheres sweeps a power, that like a whirlwind bears to the Land of Oblivion and endless Night, all effete and useless forms, creeds outworn and institutions that have lost their worth—tatters and remnants of a receding age. True, life begins in feebleness; the infant now spreads his little hands and smiles, and myriads bend to catch his words; he lifts his voice and weeps, and ten thousand hearts with pity move; from his expanding breast he sends a shriller cry, and despots tremble and priests and prelates lift their withered hand to curse; but when his manhood comes and the rolling years have added strength to his limbs and volume to his voice, and wise and deathless ones have clad him for the fight, then tower and battlement must crumble down, and every impious fane lie level with the dust.

> But milder themes be mine. Not mine to tell
> How freedom perished and how Europe fell;
> How meek Religion, hand in hand with Faith,
> Trampled, despoiled, sank down in bitter death;
> What fierce avenging storms the heavens prepare
> To drive old Wrong from his accursed lair,
> And sweep, like locusts, to an unknown sea
> The forms that feed on human agony;—
> Or how the Age of Gold returns once more
> To bless mankind on every peopled shore
> I tell what I have seen; but one ere long,
> Inspired from heaven, shall pour in wondrous song
> A mighty volume of unfolding Truth.
> As sages wise, strong as the deathless youth
> That throng the skies, and fill with music grand
> The cloudless climet of God's own Morning Land

It has been my lot, although the circle of my observation has been by no means extended, to witness a confirmation of almost every incident predicated on the extract placed at the head of this article. It is but a few weeks since a little child, who occupied the same room with me, having recently lost his young and beautiful mother, returned with his bereaved affections to such poor sympathy as I had to give. Though but eight summers had quickened his youthful mind, still the seed-germs of the great philosophy of Spiritualism had taken deep root in his innocent and guileless nature. His chief comfort was his faith that his mother, though invisible, oft hovered around him, and that she had exchanged a couch of lingering suffering for the golden rest of the Angels. But Faith, the only consolation of the bereaved through the long night of ages, was in his case to be verified by sight, like the kindling splendors of the morn added to the pale light of the waning moon. In a quiet hour his internal vision, quickened by the Spiritual presence of that angel mother, opened to the wonders and beauties of the unseen world. The face and form of his lost parent shone upon him in the clear light of celestial day. Nor she alone, but throngs of angels, looking upward and adoring the divine Lord seated as upon a throne of suns and stars.—Often, too, significant and symbolical imagery was presented, and in more than one instance the internal ear was quickened to hear the voice of the guardian mother calling from her state of bliss and luring to the better life:

> "And as a bird, each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies'—
> So, bending from her angel home afar,
> Coming sometimes as on a radiant star,
> She seemed to lift his childish thoughts above
> And fill his tender heart with tenderer love.

And beautiful it was to hear him in childish phrase describe the wonders he beheld, speaking under a soft and gentle influx as if from an infantile heaven. These manifestations continued, occurring almost daily, while the child was with me. I have since, through a highly developed medium, had an interview with the Spirit-mother, who affirmed the reality of the visions of the child, and the truthfulness of his descriptions.

Many other incidents, little less remarkable, have come under my own observation. In two instances, persons living in the same house with me, young ladies, who knew nothing of Spiritualism, except from its opposers, have heard, in the still hours of the night, celestial voices pouring forth strains of immortal harmony; in one case so distinctly that the words of the hymn were audible to the quickened receptivity of the Spirit-ear. I find also it is quite common among the susceptible and sensitive to discern a fair bright star gleaming out to them from the depths of the Spirit-world.—I leave to young hearts the beautiful description of the effects of the descending shower upon those gentle natures, forgetful of self in the mutual attractions of spontaneous unfolding affection; and to those of advanced years, to testify to the quickening, renovating effects of the influx which has descended upon them; and which will doubtless ultimate in a victory, complete and universal, over the fell destroyer of the race.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MR. LOGAN SLEEPER'S REPLY

TO MESSRS. MILTENBERGER AND S. M. PETERS,—

Dear Sirs:—Your communications addressed to me in the Christian Spiritualist of Nov. 18th, I have read and considered, and I wish to treat them with all the attention and respect which they deserve. In this reply, I shall perhaps have most regard to the letter of Mr. Peters, and if my friend, Mr. Miltenberger does not find his to be sufficiently included, he can easily come at me *hereafter*, and have his proper portion more full, as he is but a stone's throw from me.

And now, let us first come into a little more acquaintance and better understanding; a fairer starting may help to the better timing and tempering of your criticism.

If I pay more attention in reading and looking into this strange modern Spiritualism than is consonant with the example or the wishes of Baptist brethren generally, it is to be accounted for by facts and circumstances as follows:—I have been annoyed a good deal for a few years past by letters from relatives and friends who are carried away with it in the east. They write me all sorts of strange vagaries, such as we continually read of from different quarters.

My father has had a communication from his father! and *it sounds so much like* the good old man's quaker preaching in New Jersey thirty years ago, that the family are all astir with agitation and wild with wonder! Now, as to whence this discourse may come, or how much, or in what way, or whether at all, the authorship may be charged with the care of the souls and consciences of some of them, I am too calm to have any dispute with any body on any of these points to any profit.—One thing, however, I know: I can write out myself now any time in an hour or two, (partly from memory and partly by guess,) one of grand-father's discourses, *more* than they are *all* willing to *practice*.

I find I cannot calm them down to the use of such reasoning as suits me, nor put any check successfully upon the wide wild range of their fancy, because they persuade one another that *Logan is so bozed up in Baptist church prejudices, that he sees nothing and knows nothing for himself about this matter*. Now, I want you, Mr. Peters, to be a witness for me in the east, that *such is not the case*.

A passage of true history now belongs right here. I never have despised the Spiritualists around me as fellow-citizens and friends, nor neglected entirely, all efforts to do them good, to admonish and be concerned for them as Christian brethren. I have no more clever friend on earth than is my *ex*-Baptist brother Stagg, with whom I am in daily intercourse. To please him and other friends, and to help my own willing investigations of the subject further, I accompany him to a medium and get something (as they say) from my deceased sister and mother. I report the case with all the brevity and candor of which I am capable to the Spiritualist paper of New York, and *one* consequence is that two writers at once pounce right upon me, and *have-hard* (as they suppose,) at my steadfastness in the faith of real genuine orthodox Bible religion.

You seem to infer, and claim *presto apriori* that I was *very soon* brought to certain important points of conviction! Not quite so fast, my friends, if you please. I aver most solemnly, that I went out of that room very much as I went into it, having heard before of *stranger* things upon good testimony which I believed. Often have I had occasion to reflect upon the strange, silent, unseen influence of correspondence between mind and mind. With very slight contact, and often the first, I have been surprised to find the mind of another in possession of my own distinct thoughts without any instrumentality of expression at all, of which either were conscious. I have, indeed, observed facts of this kind so frequently in the course of my experience that their strangeness is greatly abated.

Now, Mr. Peters, I may believe that there are ten thousand times ten thousand invisible instrumentalities for conveying thought from mind to mind continually employed both with and without sight or sound. The powers and properties which the Creator has given to matter, the infinite *smallness* of particles and the secret silent and variating influences of cohesion and formation are matter of belief, but not of profitable investigation. I may believe, I *do* believe, that the Great Proprietor of mind and matter is a great *utilitarian* in every respect, and this characterizes all His revelations, and that we do have and shall have revealed to us all the minutiæ of the laws of both, as we may need and be able to bear. And so far as *real revelations* are being made, I know that I am always on hand and ready to receive with gratitude and joy the benefits. I have no knowledge or belief, or opinions, or prejudices, that can hinder my advance to the *true* and *useful*. I am for having every thing in proper season. In the economy of all God's works and ways, and sources of knowledge that I delight in, the TRUE and the USEFUL are so much together, that not the *strangeness* of strange *truth* shall deter me from the pursuit of the *useful*.

There is something of the *true* and *useful*, of the *real* and *regular* in *dreaming*, although it be called phenomena, and remain unexplained. I must avow my *respect* for dreams and visions as under divine arrangement, and by divine appointment, *regularly useful*. I do this now particularly, because you seem somewhat surprised or offended, when I, with some *restraining* of risibility, with kindly feelings a little *extra*, report as *fairly* and *faithfully* as possible the history of my little experimenting with this frisky school-girl medium, and place all upon equal authority, only (and rather behind in usefulness,) the dreams and visions of the night. Excuse me, dear friends; your mistaken assumptions compel me to tell you openly and above board, that I do as yet regard all I hear of Spiritualism as only of equal authority with the dreams and visions when told for purposes of amusement, speculation, or instruction. And as to *usefulness*, the same distinction is to be made (and is generally very discernible) between those of good persons and good tendency, and those of evil persons and evil tendency.

I go all length, which the word of God permits, for the *true* and *useful*. To be faithful to my trust, I must stand up for truth and righteousness, and for the *authority* of God's word above all splendid speculations, even if their number be legion, and ghostly terror of them impress multitudes with wonder and fear.

"He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat saith the Lord." Jeremiah 23: 28th vs.

I cannot yet believe there is any thing more regular or useful in these Spirit-communications than there might be found in dreams and visions, were they to be written and habitually regarded.

A lady in our city told me she desired Miss J. to obtain for her a communication from her mother, who had died under peculiar circumstances.—Being suddenly palsied for some hours before death, and remaining rational, she made many signs of desire to speak, but could not. Here would be some seeming *usefulness* that would show it to be under the management of divine goodness and grace. This lady may have had all those precious thoughts of her dying mother long before now, for aught we know or herself either to the contrary. But Miss J. paid no attention to her case, even after several times asking. Why was this?

I had the impression that it was doing violence to the moral nature of any man in this Christian country to become a regular seeker for instruction from the Spirit-world, such as is rapped out under tables under the proprietorship of giddy girls as a business affair and at a price, whilever there was in the book of God's revealed word, precepts unheeded and promises untried. To every extent of my seeing and hearing, this impression is confirmed.

Even if Spiritualism has in some instances cured skepticism, yet, its real usefulness in this respect might be questioned, (and the most direful skepticism is *not* cured,) if these converts to a belief in immortality and a future life when made, begin to despise Bible authority and dispute Bible truth, and join a general crusade against the foundation principles of religion and the good order of society. I am sorry I know of such cases. Some have the audacity to claim for the science that it has more convincing power, as it respects the subject of immortality and a future existence, than have the Bible, history, and prophecy, and doctrine, and all God's revelation contained therein! The apostle Paul tells us of opposition to God's truth in the shape of "*science*," "*falsely so called*." There are antagonistic principles of good and evil at work both visible and invisible. And Spirits innumerable may come by divers means to the world of mind and confirm by much strength of witness in error and moral blindness. We read of the "deceivableness of unrighteousness." We are to "try the Spirits." There is a "sure word of prophecy." There is a Gospel of salvation preached unto the world that is the true "power of God." There is a Church of the true God and of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the world, which has the examples, precepts, and inspiring influences brought to bear upon it to move onward and upward to the highest attainment in moral excellence, and social happiness of which man is capable in this world, and which surely makes the best fitness for that of the next.

The church, yes, the Christian church, furnishes Spiritualism and the Spiritual society for me.—The principles of its constitution drives away po-

verty, and want, ignorance, and sin, makes it a "life insurance," or rather a *happiness* insurance company in very truth, a confederacy of comforts and joys preparatory to better and still better to come. The Almighty founder contrives for its perfectibility, and is pledged for its preservation to triumph in eternal glory. Let me admonish you all, Spiritual friends, to come to the *best* light and the *surest* word, and to do nothing against the truth.—Our lives are fast passing away; we have no time to waste in the pursuit of phantoms. We are in a state of probation and discipline, which we are instructed by faith to view as introductory to a better. Let us not be impatient of our limited capacities and opportunities. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." To the best of Christian people in this present evil world, the caution can never be out of place, "watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."

You may begin to think, perhaps, Mr. Peters, that my letter will not all of it do to count for a reply to you exactly. But it may be not any part improper for a paper which has the name of "Christian." I have not time to condense and fix impressive points; you may find *some* things in it that *ought to be said*, and which you may need well to consider. Perhaps you have read and made many books, and have ample resources to pursue beautiful theories and splendid speculations. I need not remind you that for myself I do not yet know all I wish and hope to know about *matter*, the *material*, the *visible, tangible* universe around me. And I feel myself not prepared for any *higher* lessons of the Spiritual than is revealed in the word of God, the Bible. And why should not curiosity be kept in check when we see others make shipwreck of faith, and we also have precepts and warnings to guard the proper point exactly? We are warned against the "wizzard," the "necromancer," the "consulter with familiar spirits," &c., Deuteronomy 18: 11th.

And how am I to know but there may be about this modern Spiritualism that very same "strong delusion," of which we read in 2d Thess: 2d chap., which God should send, and which the *rankness* and *rigour* of the wickedness of this generation calls for? O, sir, I am bound to be *watchful*, and *cautious*, and *suspicious*. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Be it remembered, I am a regular reader of the "Christian Spiritualist." It is a very neat sheet, and conducted with some taste. The mechanical part is surely a credit to the whole fraternity and the printers they have chosen. The editorship show signs of shrewdness, deep thought, and close application. All this I readily admit, and *more* that are signs of worth and usefulness. But, my dear friends, why should I not begin to experience pain in *advance*, as I take it from my box, and cast my eyes upon its specious title "*Christian*," if I should begin to find to contrast with the cozy coolness of its claim (Christian) among its writers frequent flouts, and sins, and hissing contempt for Bible doctrine, and ever and anon flat-footed disputings of Bible truth and authority? Or if I should ever see in these writers signs of *abiding prejudice* against the *Christian religion itself*, because of the *pride* and *vain show* of some of the unsanctified in the church, or because of the *cost of peace*, or the *expenses* of the ministry, or its infrequent *unfaithfulness*, or any other prominent evil in the church, for which heavens appointed rebuke seldom lingers long. Not saying whether any of the Spiritualist's writers delight to tear off the veil and take pleasure in the deformities of the Christian Church, I leave the thoughts with you. LOGAN SLEEPER.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1st, 1854.

Poetry.

And Poesy, too shall lend her aid.
Persuading as she sings,—
Scattering o'er your shaded earth
Sweet incense from her wings.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE WORD.

'Tis the sword within its sheath.
'Tis the lightning in the cloud,
'Tis the balm for man's relief
Wheresoe'er his Spirit bowed;
Pausing o'er the sands of time,
Lifts to God his thought sublime:

'Tis the Ark wherein of old,
Types of every tribe had rest.
From whose pent and waiting fold
Came the dove of promise blest:
Seeking o'er a drowned earth
For the first pale floweret's birth.

'Tis the Bread of Life Divine,
Manna from the worlds above:
'Tis the Water and the Wine,
Emblems of undying Love;
Filling with a rich excess
Human hearts with blessedness

'Tis the Temple not with hands
Reared where all is waste profound;
Silver chords and golden bands
Gird its sacred precincts round:
Oh, enter it with solemn prayer,
With love and reverence linger there

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE."

BY MARY HOWITT.

The moonbeams on the billowy deep,
The blue waves rippling on the strand
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the heralding sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The stars that at midnight's calm repose:
These praise the power that arch the sky,
And robe the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with its thrilling notes,
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats,
Or sinks in dying cadence there:
These all to thee their voices raise,
A fervant voice of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows flit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew drop gleaming on the spray;
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlet leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and loving things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee:
These, with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, thy hand hath formed the flower
And flung it on the verdant lea,
Thou bad'st it ope at summer's hour,
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee.
Thy works all praise Thee: shall not man
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain,
Echoed from the heart of Seraphim?
We tune to Thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

[From the Christian Repository.]

REFORM.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

Reform! Reform! the notes are thrilling
From thousand voices old and young;
Earth's sunny vale and mountains swelling.
Are echoing as the song is sung.

Thrones sink in ruins; crowns do tumble,
As onward rolls the "shaking sound;"
Old feudal fanes to dust must crumble,
Nor their localities be found!

Old Tyranny, with all her forces,
Eventually must die away;
And Liberty, with million sources,
Forever roll their hallowed way!

Fair Peace shall rise, and altercations
Go down with red Bellona's train;
And Amity cement the nations
In Friendship's everlasting chain!

Then, million hearts shall rise—fraternal,
And enter pure religion's halls:
Love's golden banners brood supernal,
Wave o'er them, on Truth's glorious walls.

Hail! golden era of salvation,
When Peace and Charity shall reign:
Complete the work of Reformation!
And earth become an Eden fane.

JUDGE NOT.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Scorn not the Poet's wildest lay,
But rather think your own eyes dim;
The light of inspiration may
Seem faint to you, but bright to him.

How can you tell, but some great plan
May in his high-wrought fancies lie,
To benefit his fellow-man,
And teach him how to live—not die.

Think your own judgment may be weak,
Your heart not trained to comprehend
The earnest truth which others seek
To make themselves the world's best friend.

Fling not your taunts upon the schemes
Of those who labor to do good;
Reject not that which idle seems,
Because by *you* not understood.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 553 Broadway, Friday Evening, Dec. 8.

Mr. Levy introduced the question of good and evil, and made some remarks thereon.

Dr. Hatch followed, discussing the subject pretty thoroughly.

Mr. Toohey referred quite at length to facts and feelings in his own personal experience, showing quite a variety of conditions and positions, as bearing upon the points under discussion. I have traveled a great deal and seen mankind in different nations and under different phases, many of which were very painful, very objectionable. Having been educated in the Catholic faith, I had maintained a great respect for that religion until about the age of eighteen, when I began to think for myself; and was forced to look into the history and deeds ascribed to the Catholic Church. I was called on to bring in review the deeds of the great and mighty of past centuries; and it was a serious, solemn thing for me—a poor boy—after my daily task was done, to look over these arguments and bring before me the souls of those men as we may suppose them to be in the mind of Almighty God. When you judge a man, you at once assume an omnipotence, an infallibility, a something so near like God that we know of no name to give it in righteousness, and so we call it dogmatism. Well, I called them in question, I ignored the faith of my fathers, and in that simple judgment, I cut loose at once from millions of minds. I think I was holy and pure in saying to my ancestors, you are good and pure men, but you did not see far enough. What is true of my action as it regards the Catholic Church, is true of almost every man to-day. The word progress has got to be almost a common-place in the age in which we live; but many use it simply as a word, having no more idea attached to it than a parrot attaches to its imitations. The words "necessity" and "free agency" have been beat upon theological anvils until you cannot get a sound out of them.—The word necessity is an ultimatum, beyond which analysis cannot go. You cannot trace a thing to an end; and many a man and woman has become impatient because it cannot do more than it can. Locke said a fishing-line was not to be despised because it could not fathom the ocean; it was very respectable, but in its own way. I come now to the question before us, which we call good and evil. The word evil, if I may be permitted in the assumption, expresses more than we at first think. While I admit that necessity is principally used as a finality, I would, if I had the power, dismiss it from the mind in reasoning. It is a bad word, and should not be meddled with; it is a dangerous word, because it gives you no light. It gives you no clue to the unravelment of the difficulty, and it is never suggestive of method, nor conducive to order. We know that there is such a thing as system; and, instead of taking a thought in the middle, the proper way, it seems to me, is to commence at the beginning. All things in creation have an orderly arrangement. The first forms of this solid earth on which we tread grew up by degrees, until we come to the human family; and *here* we find the same degrees of correspondence. It is necessary to observe the same order in the elaboration of our thoughts, else we shall surely experience difficulty. At one period of my life, the word necessity was in my mouth from morning till night. If I saw a poor man, necessity made him so; if one was this or that, necessity made him so. No one was responsible; society was a great hodge-podge, a great conglomerate something, which I could not analyze, full of crudities, angularities, inconsistencies. All this grew out of the word necessity, because it was vital with me; it was a word in my everyday life. I did not understand order nor method. But I have not told you the painful part of it. My antagonisms led me to quarrel with my best friends. I cut into that class of thinkers known as the Hicksites. There are more virtues among them than we are inclined to think; they are good, quiet though their goodness be. But among them, as among all others, there are exceptions. I found one man among this class who was so far below the common standard, that he stated it as his conviction that women and beasts were very much upon the same platform. My poverty had driven me to become the recipient of charities, and these humane aspirations were driven into contact with men of this character. And I said to myself, what in the name of God am I coming to? In this condition of mind I was likely to end in an orthodox death, because suicide seemed the only way for me to relieve myself. I left home, and what had only floated in my mind seemed to take a formative idea, and it was to commit suicide, and that by drowning. Life had got the one drop of bitterness beyond which there was no light. I walked some distance, meditating the dark deed, and I was going to justify myself before God with the word necessity. While walking down the street, the bells struck up for fire, and I said to myself, is that a fire or another humbug? I saw it was a veritable fire; a building was on fire, and men were doing their best, some to save and some to steal. I was arrested in my course by the thought that there was a man whose property was being destroyed by fire, and whose misfortunes must be great, while I, a mere boy, with no such misfortunes, was meditating suicide. There seemed to be a revelation to me that suffering had something to do with life. I went home, and for years no one knew the fact. I felt myself unworthy to allow myself to speak because of the great fault I had been guilty of. I have thus revealed some of it. It will enable us to see one thing, friends: not to meddle with questions of necessity or finality. Let God be the translator of His own being and laws, and we shall by degrees understand what seems to be darkness—we shall find the end all in good time. Paul, reasoning on this subject, says, where there is no law, there is no condemnation, but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. But we can see this, that in this universe, everything commences with slow, regular degrees, unfolding itself in order; and you will see that there is nothing in the universe that can be called sin—everything is a modification of good. In that way life is constantly unfolding, budding, growing. Take any other standpoint, and you may, like me, be thrown into the gulf of doubt and misanthropy, but, perhaps, not like me, subject to those repentant impulses which save from condemnation and death.—This only can we demonstrate, that we are creatures of thought and circumstance. No one can tell what makes him will. We are creatures of thought, affection, and love, but we cannot demonstrate that we are creatures of will. Therefore, as we cannot demonstrate it, it is useless to talk about it. All that we can make palpable should be our duty and mission. Let it be our glory that we can demonstrate and be governed by order.—Order is heaven's first law. Every day you turn over the leaf of order, you become more *en rapport* with the harmony that belongs to heaven.

Mr. Levy followed:—It requires considerable boldness on my part to speak after so much eloquence, but since it comes down upon me, I feel called upon to say that I did not introduce the subject of my own desire, but as the conversation happened to be on that point, I thought it might be interesting to the Conference. In this case—unhappily perhaps—I happen to differ from my friend Toohey as regards the introduction of this subject. All who take an interest in the literature of the present age are aware that materialism is the ruling Spirit of the present century: and it is founded on that law of necessity. All philosophers tell there is no effect without a cause,—and, under this premise, you will come to the conclusion that we are not responsible for any thing we do. Hence, any crime would be excused under the question of necessity. This is the law of Materialism; and this law my friend once favored a great deal, and wanted to commit suicide from a belief in that word—necessity. Hence you perceive the importance of the subject being debated, to give us some idea that there is something else besides the law of necessity connected with our life. If evil exists in the world, and that evil is necessary to our happiness, then it is well worth while that the subject should be spoken of, in order to do away with materialism. I, for one, think it should be introduced, and that it would be a benefit if some able writer would show that we are not creatures of necessity, but are free agents.

Mr. Toohey replied: I wish simply to remark that I did not mean to say that the thing was too sacred. Nothing can be too sacred, if it is done at all. The simple difference is one of discussing the term. My friend suggests that some one should take up the subject of necessity. It has been beat theologically until it is soundless, and I could give you a long catalogue of names in our own and other countries, who have taken up the subject and handled it. And now it is being handled by two of the ablest minds we have in the present century. No light can come from it, because it has no order. When you use the word adaptation, by which the light is adapted to the elements, and trace them through all the elements of adaptation, you get something like order. Necessity should be ignored. You may talk until doomsday, and you will be just as enlightened as you are to-night.

Mr. Toohey made some further observations to the same effect as the above, and was followed by other speakers on other subjects.

Messrs. Hume and Fairfield, of Wilbraham, Mass., mediums, related several very curious facts of Spiritual power and intercourse, which we may give at some future time.

A MASTER-PIECE OUT-DONE.—We have lately supposed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was the Ultima Thule in its line, and that nothing had been or would be invented which could surpass it in its fine points of excellence as a medicine. But we are confidently assured by those competent to judge on the subject, that Dr. Ayer's new Pills excel in high medical artistry even that widely celebrated embodiment of his skill. He has succeeded in making them not only pleasant to take but powerful to cure the large class of complaints which require a purgative remedy.—*Lancaster Argus, Ky.*

SPIRITUALISM.

The following is the second extract from Judge Edmonds' work on "Spiritualism," to which we referred last week.

SECTION FIFTY-TWO.

THURSDAY, April 20, 1854.

The circle met this evening, in my library—all present except Mrs. D. It was first written through the Doctor:

I wish, dear friends, that you could see the faces of the many Spirits that are with you, lighted up by a feeling that imparts such a radiance that they sparkle like stars. 'Tis for joy that you are once more together, and at work; 'tis for the future; 'tis for the great good that will be done; 'tis for time; 'tis for eternity.

I can come nearer through you, Doctor, with your present feelings, than I ever could before; and I know that we have all progressed, or this could not be. BACON.

Through Laura it was then said:

We come from our far distant homes to bring truth in every form; and now will we come, like harbingers of morn, and tell of the triumph of truth. The birds, at early dawn, carol their sweet songs to awaken Nature from her repose, and in one voice send up to God their glad tribute of praise. As dawn passes on, each warbles it notes to heaven; and as night approaches, and all Nature retires to rest, the warbler continues his song till the last hour of day, when relieved by the bird of night, whose hooting sounds from hill to hill, and echo sends it back again.

Thus it is with truth. Morning dawns again, and the song reverberates. It has risen with the morn, and is sounded abroad in the earth; everywhere its notes are heard, joyful, solemn, deep in tone—different, yet blending, and making one harmonious song. Man has arisen, awakened by the sound of truth stealing on the ear, with its gentlest musical tones. Whence comes the sound? From the far distant spheres it comes, and he enjoys it. The weary, way-worn traveller, seeking the path to a safe haven, hears its loud whistle. It is music to his ears, and reminds him of his childhood; and truth, dawning upon his soul, reigns triumphant. The busy man of the world, heeding only himself, looking only to gain, hears the deep-toned hooting of the midnight owl, and he starts anew and asks what is truth? It is truth, with all its solemnity, visiting his heart. He stands and listens, yet heeds it not; but ever and anon it reaches his would-be-deaf ear, and he can turn nowhere that he does not hear the sound.

As noon arises, he is surrounded by the sounds from every tree, and shrub, and flower, and heart that is throbbing around him, that truth is triumphant. Prepare the way for its coming in all the glory of heaven. Yet still hardening his heart, he pushes his way on, stumbling, falling, weary and worn, and sits down by the way side. Travelers pass him by, each with a palm of peace in his hand. He wonders where they received the boon? and the answer is, It was given by truth.

Young childhood hears the whisper of the winds and the gentle notes of the birds, and listens with joy, for he knows it is the voice of Truth; and he travels on, rejoicing evermore.

The sorrowing female, bowed by grief and cares, sees no noon for her; all around her are clouds and darkness. All Nature seems wrapped in mourning; and as she sorrowing treads on her weary way, the sweet, joyous song greets her ear, bids her hope, and tells her it is Truth passing and surrounding her, and she must embrace it if she would behold Nature clothed as of old. She starts, and cries, 'Whence that voice?" Cherubs answer, "Beloved mother, we come to bring you of that blessing. We come to tell of a land where thy lost ones are. Embrace the new gift, and to thee will be given the palm of peace, and thou mayest go on rejoicing."

Thus shall it be. Truth shall go from clime to clime. You shall never see its setting sun, but it will be a beacon-light to all—to each a staff to aid up the hill of progression. Treasure the precious boon of heaven. I thought I had the gift, but I had only the outside bark; now I have the staff itself. The covering has crumbled, and now I lean on the pure crystal staff. Oh! let me ever grasp it tighter, and it shall be my guide to my God.

Then, through me, it was said:

I am borne far off into the regions of space, amid the countless worlds that roll through the vast expanse. I stand alone, surrounded by the blue ethereal—illuminated only by the sparkling worlds rolling round me—some near—some far off—with inconceivable velocity, and yet in direct obedience to the will which has fashioned and speeded them on their eternal way. I see them of various sizes, of many hues, of every conceivable variety of intensity of light. Amid this vast and living universe I stand alone. But a voice speaks to my ear, "Seest thou falsehood here? What speak these mighty creations of His hand, but His truth? As they move on their eternal paths, they carry the truth, as His messengers, throughout His boundless creation. They proclaim truth as they roll. Emanations, as they are, from Himself, from His inconceivable wisdom, from His boundless power, they are the embodiment of His truth, and ever speak it to the universe through which they are wending on their never-ending journey. Pause, oh mortal! and behold, if thou canst, how vast, how omnipotent, how enduring, how unwavering is the truth which they proclaim! and canst thou conceive that amid these rolling orbs falsehood can find a resting-place?—that it can speak to the intelligence that emanates from God himself aught but truth? Pause yet awhile, and grasp within thy mind, if thou canst, the mighty lesson of truth which these countless worlds, spread out before you like a spangled carpet, are teaching to you and to the myriads of sentient beings, who, like you, are of Him and to Him. And standing thus amid a boundless universe of truth—breathing thus into thy nostrils an atmosphere which is truth alone—imbibing from its life-giving qualities the very Spirit of truth—canst thou conceive of the mind that would seek for falsehood here, rather than truth? Enter one of these glorious orbs that roll around you, and view its habitations and its inhabitants,—see how lovely is the scene which opens to your view! See how gorgeous, and yet how grateful, is the light which rests on that scene! See how pure, how bright, how full of love toward each other, are they who inhabit there! See every heart beating for its fellow! See how every thought is laid bare to the world around the instant it is born; and canst thou find here, amid this beauty, this purity, aught but truth? Look upon the broad plain spread out before you, redolent with perfume, and resplendent with Nature's brightest hues, and see if thou canst find there the dark footsteps of falsehood? Go with those bright Spirits from their resting-places abroad to the tasks that are before them; see them marshal worlds in their orbits, evolving new worlds from the disjointed matter scattered through space, and developing from it new souls—candidates for immortality—and see if in aught which they perform here or enjoin there, thou canst find even the germ of falsehood! Roaming thus through His vast creations, looking upon man in his brightness and power, thou canst find naught but truth.

Dost thou ask, "Where, then, is falsehood to be found?" Hither, mortal, and I will show thee. Descend with me from those bright abodes. Let us find a world yet imperfect and undeveloped, recently only ushered into being from the universe of matter, and perchance we shall there find a being who does not emit from himself the light which surrounds him; who perchance is dependent for his light on some material object near him; who is bound to the matter in which he grovels by chains so gross, that you almost marvel that he is not fastened, like the rock or the tree, to the planet of which he forms a part. Alas! you see that his progress in the path of his ultimate destiny has been so limited, that he is incapable of comprehending even the material light by which he sees; and that not only has he not advanced far enough himself to generate his own light, like the brighter Spirits you have just seen, but it is difficult for him to comprehend that it can be generated by any; and when that material light, in its daily revolutions, disappears from the world which he inhabits, it leaves behind it a darkness even more congenial to his nature than the splendor of its noonday. Canst thou not, O mortal! here find the germ of falsehood? Canst thou not, amid the material and moral darkness that broods over their undeveloped minds, perceive that falsehood may indeed flourish and be most potent?

Go with me still further down. Behold those who have passed through that material existence, after having yielded to the mere animal propensities of their nature—after having denied that there was light, and even that there was a power that could speak it into existence. Go among them, bearing as they have, into their present existence, the darkness which they hugged to their bosoms. See how gloomy is the air which surrounds them! how murky and how black is the atmosphere in which they grovel still on! See how the darkness of their existence has even discolored their material garments! Seest thou not amid them the birthplace of falsehood? Seest thou not that their whole life is a living falsification of their nature? Almost every breath of air they inhale—every thought to which they give birth—every act of their existence is stamped with the falsehood of their dark abode! Thus, O mortal! have I shown you man in his extremes, and hast thou capacity to understand the lesson?

Thy nature gives the choice, and it is in thy power to select between the brightness of truth and the darkness of falsehood. What is there to prevent thee from choosing wisely and well? Thy God has endowed thee with the capacity to choose. Wilt thou choose in obedience to the immortal instincts of thy nature, or wilt thou acknowledge the vassalage of thy material propensities? Answer for thyself, for thou canst; and remember that, while Truth has her abode amid her votaries in those brighter realms, Falsehood ever dwells in the darker regions, to which she is full mighty to draw down her worshipers.

Through the Doctor it was then said:

The history of national and individual sacrifices given to us in the Old Testament is a beautiful illustration of what is required of the human heart in its intercourse with God. A sacrifice, in ancient days, of a lamb, a goat, or an ox was, in itself, considered an atonement for many sins which had been committed; and when the Father saw fit to indicate his recognition of the sacrifice, then the individual knew he was forgiven. The illustration is most beautiful; for it shows us that in these days, instead of a sheep, a goat, or an ox, the searcher after truth should lay his own heart on the altar, and offer it as a living sacrifice.

Why wanders the heart so far away from that which is true? Are there falsehoods that come direct from God? Can He who made us deceive us? Would there be any untruth if the heart did not fashion it out of its own grossness and sensuality? What! to profess to love God—to say that we feel the desire to be pure—to pray to God that He would make us pure, and then to use the reason with which we are gifted, the high attributes of our nature, our instincts, tastes, education—refined as they may be—all the means and appliances which surround us, to deceive ourselves and others? Professing that God is very beautiful, and His creation teeming with all that is grand and glorious—then, O then! in the face of all that we profess, basely to betray ourselves, our God and our principles?

Yet this is the truth that half the world live upon, and dare to die upon. O, I pity that man's heart that professes love to God and man and yet builds up between himself and heaven a wall of adamant, by the perversion of his own nature! I tell you that the Spirits who visit that man—what shall I say? they'll make a hell in his heart that will pour out a bitter lava, worse than Ætna. O, then, the wrongs done, not only to his own nature, but to the eternal principles which God has established! Holding up between the light of his own base nature the false diamonds which he sells for truth, that some straggling ray may catch the eye of a deluded follower, they pilfer all that is good, all that is sacred, all that can be relied upon, and very complacently say, I do indeed love God and my neighbor!

There is more of evil in the world that grows out of hypocrisy than almost any other one cause; and one of the greatest punishments which an evil Spirit encounters when he enters the spheres, is the knowledge that he cannot trust a single soul he meets. No wonder the wail of an agonized heart wends its way to heaven. No wonder that the soul, conscious it has done wrong, pours out bitter tears of unfeigned repentance. No wonder that it draws from the brighter spheres those souls which catch the falling tear and bear it where it is prized above rubies. No wonder that when the soul wakes up to a sense of the wrong it has done—its own falsehood and deceit—the storm of desolation prostrates everything there. The heavens might be black—they might fall, yet not atone for that sin.

Yet why, to-night, do the Spirits speak of truth? Why has the lesson been inculcated with such force? It is that you may be true and perfect; for I tell you that unless you become living evidences that the love of God is shed abroad in your hearts, prompting them to truth, it will be more terrible for you than to call on the rocks and mountains to fall on you. For if you lie, it is not our fault, but your direct punishment. If you are hypocritical, it is not the Spirits who have taught you to be so.

If you live not up to the faith you profess, do you not lie to them and to God?

Spiritualism is a religion; and it enjoins on its followers a greater regard for action—for in that is the whole incentive to progression. The pains and penalties denounced against the world, the world fashions for itself.

Your light should indeed come from yourselves. You should not, like the moon, borrow it; but it should be of itself, and for itself, because of God. It should beam forth and illumine your path. It should be a light to your feet, lighting you up to heaven.

* The long absence of the Doctor and myself, on our Western mission and other causes, had interrupted our full meetings for a period of over three months.

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Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Down, down beneath the crystal deep,
Where mermaids lull the waves to sleep,
Through the wide waste of waters blue,
On wings of light, I swiftly flew.
The giant rocks beneath the tide
Were frowning dark on every side.
The ocean's bed was cover'd o'er
With sparkling gems, that from the shore
Of India's richest isles were brought,
All polished bright, and finely wrought.
Beside me swam the monster shark,
Above me sailed the stately bark,
And I, the only mortal seen,
Was floating through the seaweed green.

But, hark! from Ocean's caves arise
The sweetest, clearest, melodies;
The "fairies of the sea" I view,
With glistening wings of rainbow hue;
Each tiny hand a harp doth grasp,
And, as its chords they closely clasp,
Again I hear that witching strain
Float through the chambers of the main.
Those notes so sweet, so purely clear,
Fall thus upon my rapture'd ear:

"Mortal! list our fairy song,
'Tis for thee this lay we breathe;
We have waited for thee long,
Now for thee a crown we wreathe.

"It hath charms on earth unknown—
It will make thee nearer seem;
Fair as Venus' magic zone,—
Brighter than a poet's dream.

"It will gain for thee the love
Of each heart thou seek'st to win,—
And all other charms above,
It will keep thy soul from sin.

"Fadeless is the wreath we twine—
Take it, watch its beauties well—
Never doubt its power divine,
So it will retain its spell."

A fairy hand then held toward me
This gifted wonder of the sea,
And as I grasped the garland fair,
I rose once more to upper air;
The wreath is fresh and green as when
I took it from its Ocean den;
And now to thee will I resign
This wondrous gift, these powers divine.
The only recompense I seek,
A home within thy bosom meek;
A corner in thy gentle heart,
Where love and I shall never part.
This favor now, the wreath is thine,—
Say, lady, may that home be mine?

[For the Christian Spiritualist.

THERE IS LIGHT.

BY J. E. . .

There's light beyond the mountains,
There's peace beyond the vall,
There's hope beyond the breakers,
Which swelleth with a wail.

There's love beneath the shadows
Of that dark heaving breast,
There are swift eagles scaling
The icy mouktain's crest.

There's good within the evil,
As the diamond in its crust,
There are flowers in the desert—
Life springeth from the dust.

There's beauty in the hovel,
There are angels in disguise
'Neath the rags and the tatters,
To sparkle in the skies.

There's everything to cheer us,
And nothing to withdraw
Our confidence in Heaven
And the "Great Spirit's" law.

Then we'll rest in assurance
That an end soon will come,
To life's cares and its troubles
In our bright Spirit home,—

Where the golden blaze of glory
On hosts of Angel forms,
Shall beautify their graces
And heighten Angel charms.

Keene, O.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume.
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly with lo my cup doth hide
From threat'ning ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who framed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might never forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower,
I roam the wood, the garden and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he enjoy my cheerless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lofty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flowret gay:
I sing unto the common bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone?"—
O man, forget not this—earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
Obedient of guests at love's ungrudging feast.
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God:
Not to thyself alone!

MUTTON RATHER THAN BEEF.—A PLEA FOR SHEEP.—We sincerely wish that the American people would substitute mutton for beef and pork to a much greater extent than they have been in the habit of doing. Mutton is more nutritious and wholesome than beef even, and vastly more so than pork. In fact the latter ought not to be eaten at all, especially the fat parts. Where on earth are there so healthy and robust-looking people as the English of all classes? It is not simply the fogs and humidity of their climate which give them their robust appearance and good looks; for people near them, with a climate almost like theirs, look very differently. So far as meats are concerned, they are mutton-eaters; probably more than half the animal food consumed in England, being mutton. But it is not Merino, nor Saxony mutton—nor of the ragged fence-jumping creatures commonly kept over large districts of the United States. English, Scotch, Welch and Irish mutton is mainly of improved breeds, well bred and thoroughly cared for. These we may have in as high perfection as they, by obtaining the breeds, and bestowing a little pains in their propagation and feeding. We are glad to know that the attention of many of our farmers is turning to that branch of stock, and we trust that the good taste and discrimination of consumers of meats will give a substantial encouragement to their endeavors.—*American Agriculturist.*

A man in the common walks of life, who has faith in perfection in the unfolding of the human Spirit, as the great purpose of God, possesses more the secret of the universe, perceives more the harmonies or mutual adaptation of the world without and the world within him, is a wiser interpreter of Providence, and reads nobler lessons of duty in the events which pass before him, than the profoundest philosopher who wants this grand central truth. —*Channing.*

MAGNETIC MAGIC:

OR

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convulsions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet,
Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

SPELL-THROWN,

OR SORCERIES—WITCHCRAFTS—CORRUPTION OF THE REASON AND INTELLIGENCE — POSSESSIONS—BLOWS GIVEN AND RECEIVED AT A DISTANCE—DECLINES WHOSE CAUSE IS UNKNOWN—OCCULT MURDER—EVIL EYES—PHILTERS, &c., &c.

"On the afternoon of the following day, a knock was heard at the parsonage door; it opened and Thorel entered the house; his mien was humble, his words embarrassed; he tried with his hat to conceal the wounds that covered his hands and face. The child saw him and exclaimed, 'There is the man who prosecuted me these two weeks.' 'What do you wish, Thorel,' said the curate. 'I come, . . . I come to take the little organ my master left here.' 'That cannot be, Thorel; it is not for that you came here, . . . what do you wish? But tell me first where you received the wounds I see upon your hands and face.' 'That is only my business—I will not answer such a question.'—'Tell me then what you wish, . . . be frank, Thorel; confess that you came to beg this child's pardon; . . . do so; . . . kneel before him.' 'Well, pardon me,' said Thorel, falling upon his knees.—But while he was thus imploring forgiveness, he tried to seize the child's blouse.

"He succeeded in doing so, and the witnesses testified unanimously that, after that moment, the child's sufferings increased as well as the noise at the parsonage. Nevertheless the curate advised Thorel to go to the City Hall; he obeyed; and there, before a numerous audience, he fell three times upon his knees, and implored his pardon. 'Why do you ask my pardon,' said the curate, 'explain yourself.' Thorel continued his supplication and did as he had tried to do at the parsonage, viz.: to take hold of the curate's clothes.—'Do not touch me,' exclaimed the priest; 'do not touch me, for heaven's sake, or I'll strike you.' All in vain. Thorel continued to advance until the curate, driven into a corner, was obliged, for his own defence, to strike the man on the arm with his club.

"Such are the facts which became the pretext of the trial that took place before the Court of Yerville. It was before this Court that were revealed all the circumstances of which we have tried to give an abstract, upon the unvaried testimony of numerous witnesses. After having received the witnesses' evidence, and the culprit's defence, the Judge discharged the curate, and condemned Thorel to all the expenses of the trial.

"Such was legally the end of this affair. As for the noises and other phenomena of which we spoke, they continued until the 15th of February, 1851, when the Archbishop of Rouen ordered the removal of these two children, and entrusted their education to another priest of the city.

E. MOUTIER."

JOHN.—How! has the Church lost its power of exorcism? Is the devil now endowed with the full power of throwing breviaries out of the window? Is Rowland's sword more powerless now than the Aspersorium? Where are we going?

ALBERT.—We advance toward a knowledge that we cannot foresee yet. We are dazzled and amazed! But I am not yet at the end of my narrative.

JOHN.—Oh! it is enough for me. Should you continue, you might perhaps suffocate me in the midst of a sulphurous cloud. But, tell me, have you seen yourself any thing of this nature, to admit such stories? Do you not know of any remedy to such crimes?

29. In 1840, while I was still living at Rambouillet, I witnessed a very singular fact of the same order. M. Lefebvre—then proprietor of the post-horses—had his horses dying of an epidemic; the disease taking the appearance of a contagious affection; he was even obliged to have them killed, in order to save the remaining ones. The disease was thoroughly studied, and yet the best veterinary surgeons were obliged to confess their utter ignorance of its nature. Ninety-nine horses had already died. M. Lefebvre was almost ruined, when somebody advised him to go and consult a famous clairvoyante who lived at Chartres. As it was the first time he had heard of mesmerism, he could scarcely believe in the efficacy of such a process. But in his position no advice ought to be neglected; he therefore went and consulted this clairvoyante. Scarcely was this girl asleep, when she said:

"You come to consult me about a disease that is destroying all your horses, without your being able to find any remedy. I am not surprised, . . . your horse-doctors do not know this remedy, or if they know it, they do not know where it may be found. Do you recollect that sometime ago, a beggar asked for charity at your door, and was rather harshly refused? Do you not recollect that, in going away, this man said, 'you shall remember me?' Well! the loss of all your horses is the result of this threat."

"What is the connection between the death of my horses and the beggar's menaces?" asked M. Lefebvre.

"What happens in your stable is the result of such a curse."

"How do you suppose that?" pursued M. Lefebvre.

"I see it."

"What do you see?"

"That your stable is bewitched!"

"I do not understand."

"There is a charm or spell-thrown."

"In what place?"

"Just where the beggar is now; but he is no more in this world."

"How could I be rid of this charm?"

"By such a process.

"How am I to know that you do not deceive me?"

"What I see."

"And what do you see?"

"I see the charm of which I speak."

"But my stables have been almost entirely rebuilt since my horses began to be sick; nothing can be concealed there. But if you tell me how many horses are now in my stable, I shall believe in your words."

"It is not very difficult; . . . there are so many. . . . At this moment one of your post-boys is going off with such a color. But it is not only your stable that I see! I see also your house, and the persons therein."

"What is going on?" (It was ten o'clock in the evening.)

"Your daughter is now arranging a robe of such a color, and putting it into her drawer."

"Well," said M. Lefebvre, "I shall take note of everything you have told me, and see if you are right."

M. Lefebvre went away at once, and as soon as he reached home, he went to his daughter, and inquired about the particulars that had been revealed by the clairvoyante. Miss L. assured him they were perfectly correct. He then went to the stable, and was told that a post-boy had really left at the said hour, with the two horses described by the clairvoyante. Persuaded, then, of her real power, he ordered the search she had prescribed, and the talisman was found. From that moment the horses were perfectly well, and not an accident happened.

JOHN.—What was this charm? What was its power? . . . its nature?

ALBERT.—Ah! those explanations I cannot give publicly, in a treatise which may fall into unprepared hands. I shall only say that the ordinary treatises on Magic profess the fear of depositing a green toad under the road which is followed by cattle. Others dread the composition of charms, or small balls made up with the hair of the person who is to be spell-thrown. But it is dangerous to go too far into this lore full of crimes; the object of our dialogues was to combat them, not to reveal their secrets. But should you preserve the least doubt about the virtue of the atoms which are emitted by those charms, I should pray you to observe with attention the power of the charms which are affixed to the bridle of sulky horses; a single observation of this nature would be sufficient to convince you of such a possibility. The most skillful veterinary doctors of the present day have not the slightest doubt in this respect. There is nothing more easy than to throw a spell upon cattle or horses; their living together in large numbers, facilitates all the phenomena of sympathy or mesmerism. I will now relate to you a fact of another kind—it is a spell-thrown through the action of anger.

30. One day we received the visit of a woman who thought she was laboring under a disease produced by an interior animal. She desired to consult Adele upon this pretended sickness, but scarcely was she in communication with her, than the clairvoyante exclaimed, "Do you not recollect that you had some difficulty with one of your neighbors?" "No." "Oh! think well; it was a long time ago." "I do not recollect anything of the sort." "It was a little brownish man, not precisely good." (She here gave a full description of this individual.) "His house and garden were next yours; you accused him stealing your vegetables, &c., during the night. Look well into the past." "Oh," replied the woman, "I had for a neighbor at that time, a man who looked very much like the description you have just now made. But it was twelve years ago. . . . Why, I recollect now, . . . it is true, every night something was stolen from our garden. . . . I had some quarrels with him on this subject; . . . but, once more, that happened at least twelve years ago, and, moreover, he left the country about that time himself. I do not know where he is now." "Do you not recollect the first attacks of your disease? Do you not recollect that it was during one of your disputes that he said, 'you shall repent for this.'" "Oh, yes! it is true; but since he is not in the country my disease must have another cause. Do you not see, moreover, the animal I have in my body?—What is it?" "It is a worm," answered Adele. . . . I stopped this conversation to prevent any new cause of uneasiness for this woman, who was very far from supposing she was the victim of a spell-thrown. But after her departure, I consulted my clairvoyante, who said, that during their last dispute, this man was so madly irritated against her, that he threw on her a malediction. He was in the meanwhile thinking of a worm; he wished she might be devoured by a violent one. His desire has just been incarnated into the entrails of this poor woman, and she really suffers what a real worm could make her experience. "But you said that you saw one in her body." "That is true; but I cannot assure you whether it was a Spiritual or a material worm. But it had all the appearance of a real one." "If this worm only exists in a Spiritual way, how can it irritate the body the same as a material one?" "Just as similar impressions are produced in all sorts of hallucinations. She believes she sees an animal in her body, and she does not inquire from whence it may come. Bye-and-bye she fancies that it is the cause of all her sufferings, and it really becomes so." "But let us suppose for a moment that this worm is a material one, how could he have created it?" "There are a thousand similar creations which every day confound our observations."

31. Another day, M. Chevillard Medar, a landlord of the neighborhood of Paris, came with a woman suffering of a fistula near the eye. She was at the same time laboring under a slow disease which baffled all the orthodox science. Adele at once asked her if she had no enemies in her village. The woman answered she had none. "I do not speak of strangers," continued Adele, "I mean your own relations." "There is only the * * *, who does not like me much." "Did you never quarrel with her?" "Oh, yes, several times; she is a bad woman." "In your last quarrel did she not threaten you?" "Doubtless; if she could she would suck all the blood from my veins."—"When she meets you does she not menace you with her hand?" "Yes, but she does not dare to put her threats into execution; she knows that I would play my part, too." "You think so;" replied Adele, "well, you are very much mistaken. I see that she executes what she said." "But she cannot do anything, she never comes to my house." "No! but she often passes before your door, and threatens it just as she does you. You say that you could defend yourself; you are not as strong as she is; you want the help of somebody, and I hope that our friend here present, M. Medar, will not refuse you his assistance." "But what must I do?" asked M. Medar. "You must help this woman to get rid of the fluids that her enemy projects upon her whole system." "How! . . . fluids! . . . I never saw anything on me," . . . and the woman looked with amazement and terror at her dress. "These fluids are not visible to the eye," replied Adele, "but our friend will nevertheless rid you of them."

At that time Medar was only a beginner in the art of magnetism, and did not, therefore, understand at first what he had to do to rid this woman of her sufferings.

Adele told him what he had to do. He acted with so much force and energy, that the poor woman was restored to perfect health in less than one year. But it is very remarkable that the sorceress fell into a sort of consumption just in proportion as her victim recovered her health. Unfortunately the latter took cold and fell dangerously sick; the sorceress profited by this circumstance to resume her nefarious action upon this poor woman. She at the same time spread the rumor that it was Medar who had thrown her into the state in which she was, and her story was generally believed; he was not, therefore, called to attend upon his protegé.—This circumstance was the cause of her death. Her enemy recovered, and walked triumphantly over her tomb. This wretched woman did not know mesmerism, nor the action that certain souls may sometimes exercise upon others. She acted simply upon the impulse of her hatred, when she threw her malediction upon her victim. But that was enough to slowly infect the whole system of her relation. Medar may give you all the particulars of this affair. I recollect only the advice given him by Adele. "Address yourself to God whenever you magnetize this woman," she said, "and pray to Him that He may grant you the means of obtaining her recovery. On every pass throw off the fluid that you suppose you take from this woman, and send it upon her spell-thrower. Do not look at this last, not even in imagination, lest you might confound the one with the other. God will be pleased to do the rest."

JOHN.—If we thus enter into the region of hypothesis, we do not know where we shall stop.

ALBERT.—It is true that we reason especially upon suppositions. But when a fact is clearly established, I am doubtless authorized to draw from it every legitimate conclusion. If you examine this question well, and reflect upon the bitter effect a bad word leaves in our heart, you will easily understand how dreadful consequences may follow from such a struggle. Whenever these two persons happen to meet, they both receive a shock; but the weaker of them will, evidently, be far deeper and more seriously affected; this last will then lose all sort of energy and courage, while his adversary will certainly experience the contrary.

What happened in these fortuitous meetings, must be experienced with far more intensity when one of the actors experiences a deep hatred, and centres his whole mind upon the ruin of his adversary. The results are also determined in a great measure, by the constitutional power of the enemies. Now should this natural influence be strengthened by a profound knowledge of the mysteries of magnetism, there is almost no limit to the power of one man over another, and the most extraordinary facts become probable.

I will now examine phenomena of a different nature.

31. The daughter of the gentleman who assisted me so kindly in the publication of the first volume of the "Celestial Telegraph," once asked Adele whether it was true or not, that an evil action could be produced at a distance by a single act of the will. Adele answered affirmatively. My friend's daughter then said: "What my neighbor, Mrs. B——, said to me, is therefore true. Imagine that a certain hair-dresser of Honoré-street, is said to produce a similar action upon the ladies whose hair he dresses, probably because they do not yield to his passion. Several ladies of my acquaintance say that they are obsessed by him while they sleep, and see very disgusting images of his taste. When he cannot succeed and make them yield to his desires, he creates the most abominable fancies, and even sometimes strikes them while asleep. . . . I have myself seen one of these ladies covered in the morning with black spots upon her form, and even sometimes blood. I knew this lady for several years, and she enjoys too superior an intellect to be suspected of delusion. None of these ladies will now accept him as hair-dresser. They have inquired about him and his morals, and it is said that he spends the greatest part of his nights out of his house; but no one could say where he goes or what he does. He is ceaselessly wandering and walking about."

"He enjoys all sort of facility to produce such disorders," said Adele. "In dressing the hair he exercises a direct action upon their brains, and, therefore upon their minds; these wretched women do not suspect his cowardice. He can do every thing you mentioned, and still more."

"Well, then," replied the young lady, "it is very dangerous to have one's hair dressed by him."

"Certainly," said Adele, "but it is perhaps more so to employ bad women. Let every one of us fulfil this simple operation of our toilet; it will probably be the surest way."

You may yourself draw the conclusions of such a power. But I will relate an example myself.

[To be continued.]

PROGRESS.—Every part of the civilized world bears the most unmistakeable marks of human progress. It is seen in every branch of the mechanic arts, in labor saving machinery, in matters of practical science as applied to the every day wants and labors of the race, and in every thing else pertaining to the material interests of mankind. There is more learning and more extended intelligence among the masses of the people. They read more, and reason with more logical acuteness than distinguished the generations of some fifty years since. But with all these advances, one can see but little evidence that the people are happier. They have more luxuries, but at the same time they have more requiring tastes to gratify; they read more, but the more they read the more certain they are to find the comparative poverty of their intellectual attainments, and the almost hopelessness of ever getting beyond the confines of ignorance—so vast the prospect beyond their immediate ken. Still, if partial knowledge does not make mankind happier, as a whole, it has one good effect—it brings up some men to a point of manly self-denial and independence, that makes them willing to throw aside the love for power, place and emolument, and stand up in the face of the giant follies, fanaticisms and hypocrisies of the world, and rebuke them in words fitting to their enormity; it learns men that the physical wants are but few, and that there are higher gratifications than result from a free use of the mere luxuries of life; it teaches men that self-denial, and sometimes suffering, if experienced in sustaining a great moral or political principle, is happiness; it raises up men of bone and sinew enough to battle with and conquer the great popular fallacies in politics, religion, trade and morals. These men are an index or guide-board to a better state of society, and they mark the different steps of progress of the human race upon the great road to happiness—though far in advance of the actual crowd. To them we owe the reforms of the church and state—partial and unsatisfactory it may be, but still progressive; to them we owe almost every humanizing and benevolent move made in society. They are scoffed at and hooted in their day and generation, but the next following deifies them, erects them statues crowned with laurel, and the tablets of history are filled with their golden deeds.

But the progress of the physical sciences should attract some share of our attention. Hardly a day passes, but some new discovery is heralded to the world that promises to become an important element in its future.

One day it was a steam engine, another, a railroad, another, the magnetic telegraph, and to-day, a new method of illumination, which, at an expense of a couple of pennies an hour, will give the light of a thousand wax candles; to-morrow perhaps a flying machine, and the next day something so much more wonderful, that we now hesitate to name it in sober earnest. All this shows the wonderful activity of the human mind, and the order of that human intellect whose higher powers are yet to be developed in the great march of human progress.—*Boston Pathfinder.*

THE FIRST ENGINE IN INDIA.

A gentleman who had long labored indefatigably in India to introduce European thrift, notices the first introduction of the steam engine as follows:

In the district in which I lived there had been vague, mystical stories afloat respecting a strange machine said to be possessed by the Sahib people. It was said to be capable of running ten "cass" (twenty miles) an hour, with a hundred wagons at its heels: and ships were said to be propelled by it on the "Kella pance" (blackwater or sea) against both wind and tide. But these stories were considered by many as far away wonders with which the Sahibs delighted to magnify their own wisdom at the expense of the men of Hindoostan.

Great therefore was the astonishment of these wise men when it was made known that one of these mysterious machines was about to make its appearance among them. Crouds of solemn-looking Brahmins and grand-bearded Mussulmen might be seen examining and criticising the limbs of the huge creature as they lay scattered about on the wharf, where they had been just landed. During the time these "disjecta membra" were being put together, there was much speculation and curiosity as to what means of energy these uncouth looking pieces of iron could possess; and as I had occasion to consult the plans before giving instructions to the workmen—apply a pair of dividers, scale, and sometimes making calculations with a piece of charcoal on the nearest wall, I observed that the men ceased working, and looked on with open mouths, as if I had been going through a conjuring process.

After much labor and anxiety, I at length succeeded in getting the "monster" put together: and one day, just as the heat of the day was beginning to decline, I ordered the boiler to be filled with water, and soon had a roaring fire beneath it. The natives seemed to have an impression that something unusual was about to happen, and crowds from all directions began to assemble to witness the new "avater." By dusk the steam was well up; and by the light of two flaring torches I could see curious looking faces peering in at the door and windows of the engine-house. The workmen who had assisted in its erection, laid by their tools, and were whispering to each other in wondering groups, when the safety-valve suddenly opened, and the new born Titan began to let his voice be heard. I shall never forget the terror and amazement depicted on the faces of those who were standing by me when this occurred. A great man ran away in sheer fright; but those who had been employed in putting the engine together, and, from daily familiarity, grown bolder, readily assisted in turning round the ponderous fly-wheel preparatry to starting. It was as much as a dozen of them could do to move it, and that very slowly; but when the steam began to act, and the massive iron-rim to steal away from their aiding hands, they fairly screamed with delight. Faster and faster went the wheel; the pumps clanked, the steam snorted through the escape pipe; and the heavy masses of iron they had experienced so much difficulty in lifting into their places, now seemed endowed with life and motion.

Some months after the engine had been at work, and when I had become better acquainted with the language I was at much pains in endeavoring to explain the principles of its action to the most intelligent of the workmen; but I found they had long ago provided themselves with what, to their thinking, was a complete theory of the whole matter. The doctrine was, that the boiler contained an English "bhoot" (spirit,) that we made a fire beneath the boiler, and roasted the said "bhoot" until he called out "dubagel" (mercy,) through the safety-valve; and then only, and not before, would he go to work; and the water was merely given to quench his thirst!

The repeated injunctions given the man who attended to the boiler about the necessity of keeping it well supplied with water, and the consequences of the boiler bursting, which I attempted to explain as likely to follow any neglect of this precaution, led the poor fellow to imagine that if the bhoot was not "made pleasant" with plenty of water, he would certainly break loose and kill every body within his reach. They soon began, however, to have tolerably correct notions of its true character; and although no longer believing in its supernatural attributes they allowed it was a "great contrivance."

Steamboats now ply between all the different stations on the Ganges; and it presents a curious contrast to witness the straight-forward course and inflexible will of the English steamers, breasting wind and tide, as if impelled by fate, and the crazy, undecided motions of the native budgerows, creeping along the lee shores, tacking and tumbling about with the most bewildering incertitude. Railways, too, are now in course of construction on some of the principal lines of traffic; and the time is not far distant when, by their means, the rich produce of Central India will be poured into Europe with a profusion and regularity never yet dreamed of. Aye, the steam engine is destined to do more for India than all her other teachers have yet effected. The iron apostle of civilization does not declaim; it does not dispute nor vituperate, but it works and always succeeds.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.—There lives in a neighboring state, a person by the name of Tom Jones, who has sundry odd ways of his own, and withal a fellow of very confiding disposition. His worldly possessions are very limited, consisting mainly of a small patch of ground from which the greater part of his livelihood is derived. This he usually plants with potatoes. A few years since, the crop of this valuable esculent almost entirely failed; and the year succeeding, Tom found himself without single peck for seed, and equally destitute of money to purchase any.

"In this dilemma, after due deliberation and cogitation, he announced it to be his determination to do his own duty in the matter of a crop of potatoes, and to trust the rest to Providence. He accordingly plowed and dug, and manured his ground in the best manner, and then confiently awaited the result.

Some of his neighbors now determined to humor his fancy; so one bright moonlight night, when Jones was sleeping as only man can sleep who feels that his own personal responsibilities have all been met, the neighbors assembled, and planted the field with the best 'pink eyes,' and took their departure before the break of day.

In due course of time, the dark green leaves made their appearance above the surface of the rich soil. Jones took it quite as a matter of course, and went on doing his duty by faithful weeding and hoeing. When harvest time came, there was not such a yield within a circuit of ten miles. Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones, and all the little Joneses lived in clover all the next winter: and in the Spring he had potatoes for seed and to spare. However, he concluded, since he had succeeded so well before, to put his trust in Providence again, in the matter of seed potatoes. But no plants sprung up this season from his well prepared field. Hoeing time came, but there were no potatoes to hoe; and at harvest a very slight experiment in digging was sufficient, to convince him that the coveted edible was altogether wanting.

Jones having made this unwelcome discovery, was sitting upon the fence in a disconsolate mood, when one of the neighbors passed who had the year before enacted the part of Providence, and to whom Tom had often expressed his unwavering confidence that the potatoes would in due time make their appearance.

"Well, Jones, what is your opinion now about Providence?" he asked.

"I'll tell you what it is," replied Jones after an interval of reflection. "Providence does well enough now and then upon a pinch: but take one year with another, taint no great shakes, after all, 'cording to my way of thinking."

PRAYER OF JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—The Emperor was a Freemason, and the following was his beautiful prayer—truly masonic—which we extract from an old work, under the title of "Joseph's Prayer-book." A Spirit of unbounded charity, which is the essence of true religion, breathes through the whole:—

Oh thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! who art the fountain of mercy and the source of love! thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of believers and infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heroic. From thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent thee from being a beneficent father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore thee in what manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ with me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of the sword? Oh, thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbor in my breast. I will try to be like thee in all that human effort can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent as thou to all whose tenets differ from mine; and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom.

Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to thee, thou eternal being! in the manner thou thinkest best. Does an error in judgment deserve an expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the wavering mind to a true sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyrany be parted asunder and the sweet bonds of fraternal duty unite all my subjects forever! I am sensible that many difficulties will appear to me in this bold attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers; but may thy almighty power never forsake me!

Oh, thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle, and let that law of our divine master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. AMEN. —*Cedar Valley Weekly Times.*

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—"There are thousands of men in our city who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. Those would give half their fortune if they could be set back, and have the leisure for mental culture which you, young men, are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence with the autumnal months to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but will be easier as you proceed, and at length it will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

"Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race.—With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

AGES OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived; Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax; dedicated him to the son, and then let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the son.' This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five or thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Culver considers it proper that whales live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Pallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred. A tortoise has been known to live one hundred and seven.—*Scraps from Natural History.*

LOVE.—How bright and beautiful is "love" in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously it etherealizes every feeling, and concentrates every wild bewildering impulse of the heart; love—holy and mysterious love! it is the garland spring of life, the poetry of Nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flame embellishes the solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

Love—pure and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forget us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to safety and happiness.

Love is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside, and unites in closer union the affections of society: and the soul that loves truly will love forever. Nor like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will remain unbroken and unmarred—it will burn on undefaced in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple, and offer as a sacrifice, her vows and affections.—*Monumental Literary Gazette.*

CHRISTIANS CANNOT FIGHT.—No one who reads the New Testament carefully can deny that in the main, the sentiments there expressed are in favor of universal brotherhood, and "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" "Hereby may ye know that ye are my disciples, because ye love one another;"—"Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you;" "Resist not evil but overcome evil with good;" —"If any man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also;" "If any man sue thee at law, and take away thy cloak, forbid him not to take thy coat also;" "If any man compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain"—"put up thy sword into its scabbard; he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword":—"Whence came all wars and fightings! Come they not hence even of your lusts?" Such are the doctrines of the New Testament; yet nearly all the churches in this age, who profess to follow Christ, and make a great show of what they call Christianity, are members of governments that derive all power from the sword. Their war ships and arsenals are stored with the improvements of human destruction, and they are at all times ready to go to war for a whim called honor, or to recover a few hundreds or thousands of paltry gold. Are such the churches of Christ? Surely not—and the question is, whether it would not be a libel on his Satanic majesty to call them the synagogues of Satan, for we do not read that his subjects destroy each other.—*Exchange.*

The houses of Bagdad and Mosul are provided with underground apartments, in which the inhabitants pass the day during the summer months. They are generally ill-lighted, and the air is close and oppressive. Many are damp and unwholesome; still they offered a welcome retreat during the hot weather, when it was almost impossible to sit in a room. At sunset the people emerge from these subterraneous chambers and congregate on the roofs, where they spread their carpets, eat their evening meal, and pass the night.—*Layard.*